

THE - CHRISTMAS - WAR - CRY

★ ★ NEXT WEEK ★ ★

THE

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# WAR CRY



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## Out of the Depths.

I wonder if there was a more noble and a more pathetic message sent back to the living than that which, in the fate of the "Callio On," sent to his mother. The words are few and simple, on the very verge of eternity, his vessel trembling like a living thing, as if conscious of impending destruction, the heart's passionate message has to be gathered from the simple and hurried utterance. And there it stands on the piece of drift wood: "May the Lord comfort my mother." "Callio On," ran down by an unknown steamer—Dawson. No more time. Sinking!" All the great primitive passions of the heart are stilled by the whisper-like tone. Brave had it been when he wrote of him moves at the impulse of tears. He was a hero every inch of him. She that bore him and mourned him departed, might dry her tears in her pride of being the mother of such a son.

I do not suppose that it entered into young Dawson's mind when he penned his few words—his prayer for his mother—that he was imitating the action of our great Lord and Master. He, too, in the hour of calamity, forgot His own vast sorrows, the sorrows of others. His thoughtful care of His mother when in agony He hung upon the Cross, has invested even the sacred record of His last hours with an added tenderness. And the poor shipboy of the "Callio On" is repeating, in his own humble sphere, the story of the "Captain of our Salvation." For Dawson forgot himself. He has a greater grief than the fear of death. "May the Lord comfort my mother!"

It was the message which the sudden passing out of his heart! It would be strange if "He" who shewed on the Cross of anguish and shame such tender solicitude for His own mother did not hear the prayer, and minister secret comfort to this brave lad.

It was a slow post that carried Dawson's letter to the shore. Twelve months and more it lay on the heaving deep.

"Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless main."

Summer and winter, night and day, in storm and in sunshine, one can see Dawson's letter rising and falling on the wave, now dashed about in scorn by the mad fury of the gale, lost in its wrathful tumult of foam—but again, when the north-wind, the embittered, was lulled to rest, and sunbeams fell in glittering glory upon the wide wastes of the sea, there goes Dawson's letter, "courtesying over the billows," as though it were not the token of sorrow, but with its simple prayer exhibited to the eye of the world, out of the trough of the deep. It rises through the crest of the steep wave, and, for an instant as though the sea, pitiful and relenting, were lifting up the sunnecraft in its strong arms to the Divine gaze, a simple prayer ascends with all the greatness of the unselfconscious and simple trust. "May the Lord comfort my mother!" And one element of her comfort we are sure will be to receive this message from her brave boy. But what a road it is to an inhabited land! What a staggering, gaunt and crooked voyage the track of this piece of drift-wood would show, if marked upon a chart, driven for weeks hither and thither, forward and back, at the caprice of the changing winds and tides, and yet the force of the storm, through those weeks of unrest, at last bring this missile to land. Thither the unseen Hand guides it, till the last wave of the incoming tide casts it high upon the sandy beach. No longatory knock arouses the fisher folk of the village, telling them that the Lord's postman has brought a message "out of the depths," and has de-



**"MAY THE LORD COMFORT MY MOTHER."**

positioned it upon the strand. It would not fail to win with our ideas; but a smart peal of thunder had roused them to the fact that the King's Messenger had brought so far on its journey Dawson's letter; that now they were to undertake its further despatch to the bereaved mother. But the weight of the long voyage through the vicissitudes of its long year of voyaging, can distract an easy eye to the chance of Flotsam and Jetsam, and to the pale message

still legible upon its surface, thanks to a stout heart and strong nerve of the plow lad that wrote it. And so this precious missive was saved from being cast into the fire.

"Sinking!" The simple expression is drawn enough in its way. It brings the whole scene vividly before the imaginations as though many pages were occupied with the details of the night of the calamity. We do not choose to carefully picture the last mo-

ments of life and vital consciousness of this wretched boy, the presence of a storm which guides and measures his story. The "sinking" is only a passing pang, and our "rising" which fills our thoughts. I do not know what kind of welcome the glorified "Church of the nation" gives to those whom they draw nigh to the "ivory gate and the golden," but we are taught that there is a correspondence between

virtue and its eternal reward. The recompense of God shall answer the character that claims it. So I let my laurels wither on the vine, and go with sounds of victory filling Heaven's sunny air! And if it be not irreverent, as I trust it may not be, to express in secular terms the thoughts which irresistibly suggest themselves, can we not say that the God of Heaven's breast, given to those only who, on the earthly fields of battle, "have shown conspicuous bravery under fire."

REV. WM. PIERCE.

## BULLETS and SHOT For all Kinds of Targets.

Fault-finding tends to division, refection and misery.

No man is so insignificant as to b*s*ure his example can do no hurt.

The good are better made by ill.

As others crushed, are sweeter still.

Don't ilm, don't fall, nor fiddle, but grieve like a man, and you will be a man.

Not only strike while the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking.—Oliver Cromwell.

There are but three steps to Heaven—out of self, into Christ, into Glory—Rowland Hill.

The milk of human kindness is like oil on an axe, lightens the load and eases life's heavy burdens.

The most important thought I ever had was that of my personal responsibility to God.—Daniel Webster.

A fretful habit finds frequent opportunity for indulgence, secures it's ally multiplying as the habit increases in strength.

You may, in saving a soul, set in motion a wave of influence and power for good that will roll on through the ages and never cease.

Fate may threaten, clouds may lower. Enemies may be confounded; if your trust in God is steadfast,

Travel on, and never mind.

That is a good day in which you make some one happy. It is astonishing how little it takes to make one happy. Feel that day wasted in which you have not succeeded in this.

Life takes its hues in a great degree from the color of our own minds. If we are frank and generous, we shall be treated kindly; if on the contrary, we are suspicious, men will learn to be cold and cautious to us.

It is not the great boulders, but the small pebbles on the road that bring the travelling horse on his knees; and it is the petty annoyances of life, ever present, to be met and conquered afresh every day, that try most severely the strength of those who are made.

The mastodon attenues more in the quiet fountain; a comet draws more attention than the steady star; but it is better to be the fountain than the mastodon, and star than comet, following out the sphere and orbit of quiet usefulness in which God places us.

Men are often like knives with many blades. Some are sharp, and only one; all the rest are but dull in the handle, and they are no better than if they had been made with but one blade. Many men use but one or two qualities out of the score with which they are endowed. A man is educated who knows how to make a tool of every faculty, how to train it, how to keep it sharp, and how to apply it to all practical purposes.—H. W. Beecher.

## WHY DON'T CHRISTIANS HELP?

The words were intense with pleading, "I shall never forget how all else failed me, but when I went for the safety of a soul, cast on the border of the Heavenly Land—the pleading of a sister beloved. She thought a great pit lay in the paths of men, and they were constantly falling in. The green grass grew up to its edge, the flowers drooped to its base, and the birds were silent of warning. 'Tame!' she would call, "the dearest friend I had slipped in, and you never tried to stop him; and a boy went over, and you never told him there was a pit there. Can't you save that girl?' she cried. 'Oh! the world is full of great things in a world, and it losses them in. Where are the Christians? Why don't the Christians help?'

"If I could live," she said in calmer tones, "if I could live, I would spend every day of my life keeping people out of pits. I would climb a wall so high no little child could climb over, or I would cover it so deep that none could fall in." Then, looking at me with eyes luminous with the light of the world beyond, she clasped my hands and said, "Fit'er, sist'r, won't you try and keep people out of that pit?"—Mrs. Esther T. Housh.

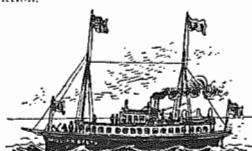


## LIFE AND DEATH.

### Wind vs. Steam, Outward Circumstances vs. Power Within.

I remember on one occasion, while stationed in Newfoundland, coming from my Conn. Conn. to St. John, in a sailing vessel. As we had been out some hours we were becalmed, as the wind had entirely died away. In every other way the weather was everything that could be desired—the sun shone and the water was like oil, a number of sea-birds were about us, we were doing well, and the wind we could not make any progress whatever.

During the afternoon we saw, away to the stern of our vessel, what at first appeared to be a cloud arising, but which proved to be the smoke from the main stack on the vessel to St. John's side. As we sailed, it came nearer and nearer until it soon passed us and disappeared from our view. We still drifted about with the tide, until later the wind sprang up, and we were carried forward to our destination.



The difference was this: The steamer had power within, while we depended on outward circumstances.

We have often thought of this, and of how many so-called Christians— and I am afraid some Salvationists—depend to a great extent on outward circumstances.

If there is a revival on, or something special at the Corps, an Officer that is well liked, or even sometimes when the wind of persecution blows, they give up to be carried with the excitement of the revival or the wind of the storm, but when this dies out, like our vessel without the wind, they are becalmed and drift with the tide.

How different with the sanctified soul. The man or woman who has the power of the Holy Ghost in their hearts go forward, whether the wind is in their favor, "dead in their teeth," or if there is no wind at all. The power of God helps them to conquer under all circumstances.

Friends, are you a small vessel, depending on outward circumstances, or a steamer, having the power within? If the former, you had better go on dry-dock, and get thoroughly overhauled and remodelled by the great Master builder, who will fit you out and start you on a new voyage with the power within.

MAJOR T. H. COLLIER.

The story is told of a milk-seller, who purchased an old cavalry horse for his milk-rounds, and was very well served by him, until one day, a military detachment happened to march through the streets of the quaint little town with colors flying and the brass band playing a rousing martial air. The ex-cavalry horse was standing between the shafts of the milk-cart in a rumbling attitude, when the sound of the rolling side-drum and the fanfare of the cornets reached his ears. As if shocked with electricity, the old horse, with a snort of defiance, took one bound forward and went careering at full gallop, milk-cart, pannier and all, in the direction of the detachment. That old horse had still the martial spirit, and simply couldn't keep still, when he heard the sound which stirred up the associations of his more vigorous days.

Troubles are hard to take, though they strengthen the soul. Tonics are always bitter.

THOSE two words are direct opposites in meaning, and carry opposite ideas of the vegetable world. A path had been made through a garden, where vegetables were planted. By continual use, the plants had grown so close together, that it was hard to push their way through, hard, weetened earth. They look how the human family has been gifted with mental and physical life, which are capable of serving the highest purpose for which they were created—to glorify God and enjoy Him forever. In the business and mercantile worlds, these two endowments are necessary to success. Men and women with health and mental vigor are capable of enduring the trials and difficulties of life, and of meeting the discouragements and hardships to be met with in the path to success. In the building up of character, spiritual life is needed to attain glory to God.—(or character to character) by the Spirit of the Lord.

With what delight we have the Spring season, with its warmth, after coldness, and barrenness or winter months. Death, on the other hand, just manifests the opposite effects. Colchicum, crocus, and other flowers, are in train. Take the branch lately severed from the vine—shutly its leaves, once so fresh and full of life, drop and wither and die. Once more, we see where love laid one mouth over the form of one of cold death, once full of life and activity, to the direct opposite. What follows? To the form which we see decay, corruption, etc., to loved ones, sorrow, loneliness, suffering, tears, anguish, heartaches.

### Notice Life and Death in the Spiritual World.

Those to whom Jesus has become the Life, the Truth, and Way, are met with of circumstances, or environments. They, by the power of life within, rise above difficulties, burst the hardships that beset their paths, face the discouragements and conquer.

Listening to prayer and testimony at this time, we often feel as if it were in my mind, why is there no life, no life-taking hold of God, or hearts of hearers? Theory seemed perfect; the plan of Salvation laid down was simple, and could easily be carried out to a certainty. "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." Has not this often been the case in the spiritual life of the Holy Ghost?

God is in you, taking hold of you, and through you wrestling with God for the Salvation of sinners. Sufficient effort had been put forth, but lacked the power to make progress. The cause was not the cause. Search it out. You may be walking in a path perfectly lawful under other circumstances, but which has been set aside to be the highway of your call to you to come out. You try to convince yourself that you are right, but of the inner reprovings of conscience will not be rid. You will not let your heart will to the light. Let the Spirit probe and enter every corner and avenue in your soul. Continuing in that old path ends in the worst form of death, which is spiritual. Listen to the message of your Lord: "Turn ye from my reproach: be ho'ho; I will pour out my Spirit upon you." The life, freshness, and experience will follow, making you more than conqueror.

A. ROWAN.



It is possible to have a very Wolfish nature under a very Sheepish exterior.

### BOYS WANTED

For Salvation Warfare in the Eastern Province. No salary guaranteed. Must love God, hate the devil, and work like Trojans for the salvation of souls. Must be good, honest, straightforward, industrious men, between the age of sixteen and thirty. Dudes, lukewarm, half-hearted, ease-loving, self-seeking, lazy, Ed-gloved professors need not apply.

Girls are more plentiful, but a few good, reliable ones will be acceptable. Address.

MAJOR HOWELL.

218 Pitt St., St. John, N. B.

ENSIGN PAGE, LATE OF "ALL THE WORLD," CONTRIBUTES ONE OF HER FASCINATING STORIES TO THE CHRISTMAS CRY.

## HELPS FOR J.S. WORKERS.

For December 20th.

FATHER AND SON.

Genesis xiv., 1-7, 28-34; xiv., 1-19.

The Old Man's Departure.

The journey to Egypt was a great undertaking for Jacob, who was 130 years old, but he only waited for one thing, and that was God's permission. Natural inclinations should never urge us to take any steps until we have God's blessing thereon.

In a vision he saw a ladder, God told Jacob that he was to proceed to Egypt, promising him His presence and protection, also foretelling his death, and how the hand of His favorite son Joseph should avert all those of his father's eyes. After this vision Jacob had no misgivings, and continued his journey.

Jacob all the time played a prominent part. He had been called one to separate his father and brothers. Again, he had been the spokesman in the interview with Joseph, pleading for his youngest brother. Now he was chosen to be the one to announce the arrival of his father to the long-lost son.

God seems to have given Jacob, as in His mercy He so often gives to those who least deserve it, some chances for doing good to those whom they have once done evil. "What is done, man can never be undone, nor can His righteousness be wiped away. God's love prevails in us whereby men may show their sinners and whole-hearted repentance, and desire to do right in the future."

The Meeting.

Jacob met his father as a prince after a long absence of 22 years. How thoughtful and proud the father must have felt. In that meeting we can imagine how all the sorrow was forgotten, so happy was Jacob that he fell he could hardly stand.

Joseph saw his brothers wise enough to have what they should say to Pharaoh. He knew the Egyptians' hatred of shepherds, but told them they must not be ashamed of their calling, for in this new and heathen land they must depend on God they professed by starting right, with no deceit. Again Joseph showed how well he understood the character of his brethren, and though he believed them to be thoroughly repentant, he took care to caution them against what had been their failing in the past.

Pharaoh was very touching. We can understand the interest with which the King would look at the aged father of the son whom he had learned to honor so much. The grand, old, God-fearing man must have impressed his father monarch very much.

Joseph had won the really most graciously, and gave them as promised the land of Goshen for them to dwell in. Here they lived apart from the Egyptians. It was a land suited to their pastoral pursuits, and when the time came for their return to the Promised Land, they were on the frontier nearest Palestine. Diving together in one place, their going out would be much easier than it would have been had they been scattered throughout the country.

God has a purpose for the future in arranging our lives. What he arranges in our lives today is for the end of to-morrow. Let us never hinder His control of our life, but like Joseph let god and evil work to His honor and glory.

QUESTIONS.

What made Jacob hesitate to leave Canaan?

What was his vision?

How does the part that Judah took show us the merciful dealings of God?

On what point did Joseph caution his brethren to commence their life in Egypt?

Why was the selection of the land of Goshen a provision of the future?

Memory Text: "Fear not."

Nothing seems to go right with the constant fretter. Circumstances control and conquer him. There is no self-posse in his soul, no controlling power.

Have you thought seriously of the end—the end of the day, the end of this month, the end of this year, the end of this life? Indeed, the end of all earthly things?

## WAR CRY PLATFORM.

## To the Front!



By MAJOR J. READ.

## An Appeal for Sanctified Souls, Flesh, Blood and Brains.

A train-load of happy, jovial excursionists is telescoped by another coming in an opposite direction. In a moment the air is filled with the screams and groans of the maimed and dying; forty men and women are literally hewn from the presence of God, either to be SAVED or DAMNED!

A poor woman visits the city from her country home. Having done her shopping, she returns home on a street car. Only a few minutes had she been seated on the car when a fellow passenger dashes into it, knocking the poor creature under the wheel. When extricated she was lifeless, crushed to death.

A merchant, apparently healthy and strong, living near the Toronto Temple, carries his business in the morning, looks sick, returned home, and died in a few hours.

An Officer left led to deal personally and plainly with an unsaved young man on the front seat in an Army barracks. He would not yield. Next day, Monday, his head was cut off from his body on a railroad track. He had gone to seek pleasure, but found DEATH and a pleasure-seeker's eternity.

## NOW, WHAT IS THIS TO YOU, ALL YE THAT PASS BY?

The above are facts, and proofs of the truth of the gospel, in many cases, suddenness of death. These awful records should stir the souls of every Christ-follower, and especially those young, strong, healthy ones, who wear the blessed emblems of the Salvation Army.

The whole world lieth in the arms of the Devil. True, there are churches and religious institutions, almost numberless, and though some are led to think that people are growing better, it is not so. The Devil is a subtle wile who deceiveth the world of murder, rapine, lust, robbery, forgery, and every other sin in the Devil's catalogue. God looks on and weeps over the countless multitudes of Christ-rejectors. The holy angels cry out, "How long? How long?" Redeemed ones in Heaven and on earth are weary of the other man's bitter fall. Surely then, "the curses that breathe on the air," "the floods who on man's ruined nature" tread should appeal loudly to, and stir the deepest, holiest, lovable feelings in the heart of every true Salvationist. It is the spirit of the gospel that moves with feeling and compassion for those erring multitudes, but the next step is to enter the breach, to mount the Cross, to consecrate, to leave all and follow the Lamb, though it may cost life, health, friends, money, reputation, character, yea, all in the undertaking.

Young, strong, healthy, well-saved men and women of this Territory have now, right before them, an open door, a blessed chance of becoming thoroughly-trained and efficient leaders of Christians, and winners to the Kingdom of God, and winners to the salvation of their Territory, and has consequently determined to establish a good central Training Garrison for men and women at Toronto, in which all Ontario Cadets will be trained. Other Garrisons will be established in the Pacific Northwest, Eastern and Newfoundland Provinces.

Life is short! Eternity is long! Millions are dying without hope in this world or in the next. These poor mortals need saviours.

Your time, talents, strength, energy and intellect should be given to God

and His Army for the salvation of the world. Therefore, reader, rouse thyself and send your application to your Provincial Officer, without fail. If not, you may regret it in time and in ETERNITY!

## Current - History.

It is claimed in Chicago that a vegetable powder has been discovered which, mixed with water, develops a very high electrical power.

The thermometer in Winnipeg has already dropped to 27 degrees below zero.

The citizens of Lawrence, Mass., have decided to ask the next Legislature to pass a bill making the playing of football a misdemeanor.

Chatham, Ont., City Council are spending \$2,000 to sink a test well for natural gas.

Two Canadians, Richard and John Little, have been arrested under martial law in Cuba. Their friends have brought the matter before Mr. Chamberlain, who promises to bring it to the attention of the Foreign Office.

The storm of Thursday, November 26th, in Manitoba, was one of the severest on record. Railway trains were badly interfered with. The storm was followed by intensely cold weather.

Thanksgiving Day in Winnipeg was celebrated in a blizzard.

Twelve thousand dock laborers are on strike in Hamburg and neighboring ports.

Tom Mann, the English agitator, was sent to jail at Hamburg and sent out of the country.

A vote is being taken by the International Dock Laborers' Union in Europe on the question of declaring a general strike to support the Hamburg men now out.

About eighty persons are reported to have been lost in the floods at Athens, Greece.

Rev. Jas. Giller, pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, sent a despatch from Bloomington, Ill., of November 21st, was found dead in a tub at Decatur this morning. He had been shot and robbed of all valuables.

The rebellion in Madagascar has spread over nearly the whole island.

It is agreed that the Imperial Government will ask for a credit of over one million dollars for the rearmament of the artillery, increasing the infantry and reorganizing the transport service.

A report comes from Tokio to the effect that Russia has been granted the right to build the Siberian railway through Chinese territory and defend it with Russian troops.

The 26th Punjab Regiment of Infantry became riotous, looted shops and wounded several persons who resisted them.

China is reported to be about reorganizing her navy and building a lot of ships of war under the direction of Li Hung Chang.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, in a letter to the National Armenian Relief Committee, New York, says as follows: "Europe and China will remain under a disgraceful reproach of having coldly tolerated a series of outrages, perhaps the most monstrous known to history."

Fifty Armenians of the First Congregational Church, Wadsworth, Mass., thus express themselves to the American Commanders.

"Our beloved friends: 'We, the undersigned, assembled in the First Congregational Church, Malden, Mass., on Sunday, November 8th, 1896, having heard of the Christians served the Salvation Army has rendered and still rendering to the blest and God-fearing compatriots, taking refuge in Europe and America, do hereby express our heartfelt gratitude to you as the Commanders of the Salvation Army, U. S. forces, and, through you, to General William Booth, and to all your Comrades who have taken such a noble part in trying to ameliorate the suffering of our persecuted, bleeding fellow countrymen. May you be blessed in the good work you have so nobly undertaken, and may, before long, our blood-baptized nation see the end of its persecutions, and once more enjoy the blessings of liberty!'"

(Signed by fifty Armenians).

The Manitoba School Question has at last been settled. Religious instruction and teaching to be given between the hours of 3:30 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and to be conducted by any Christian clergymen whose charge includes any portion of the school dia-

rect, or by a person duly authorized by such clergymen, or by the teacher when so authorized, is the principal clause in the settlement.

The Thanksgiving proclamation by the President of the United States is a document worth the attention of some other governmental heads. It reads as follows:

"The people of the United States should ever be mindful of the gratitude they owe the God of nations for His watchful care, which has shielded them from disaster, and pointed out to them the way of peace and happiness. Nor should they ever forget to acknowledge with contrite hearts, their propensity to turn away from God's teachings and to follow with sinful pride after their own devices."

"At the end that these thoughts may be encouraged, it is fitting that on a day especially appointed, we should join together in approaching the Throne of Grace with praise and supplication."

Therefore I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate, and so appoint, Thursday, the 26th day of the present month of November, to be kept, and observed as a day of thanksgiving and prayer throughout our land.

"On that day, let all our people forego their usual work and occupation, and assemble in their accustomed places of worship; let them, without discord, render thanks to the ruler of the Universe for our preservation as a nation, and our deliverance from every threatened danger; for the protection we have derived within our boundaries, for our safety against disease and pestilence during the year that has past; for the plenteous rewards that have followed the labors of our husbandmen, and for all the other blessings that have been vouchsafed to us."

"Let us not forget on this day of thanksgiving the poor and needy, and by deeds of charity, let our offerings of praise become more acceptable in the sight of the Lord."

"Witness my hand and the seal of the United States which I have caused to be hereto affixed.

"I do at the City of Washington, this 4th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, and of the independence of the United States of America, the one hundred and twenty-first.

"RICHARD OLNEY, Secretary of State.

"GROVER CLEVELAND.

Mr. Alfred Austin, poet laureate, was nearly drowned in the Tweed by the upsetting of his boat.

Dr. Jameson, the hero of the Transvaal raid, is reported to be in a critical condition at Holloway Jail.

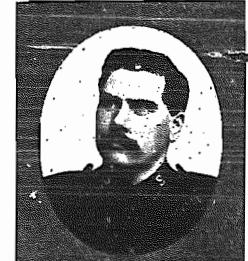
Mrs. James Reid, of Belleville, was burned to death by a lamp which was knocked from her hand and set fire to her clothing.

The citizens of Battleford and members of "C" Division of the North-West Mounted Police have recently erected a statue of stone pillars and gilt in memory of those who gave up their lives during the rebellion of 1885.

At Chambly Canton, Que., during a street fight between Italians employed on the public works and townsmen, two men were stabbed. One, Frederic Mark, died on the spot; the other, a Mr. Dube, is not expected to recover.

St. Paul, Minnesota despatched report a large number of people frozen to death, as well as cattle, etc., in a terrible blizzard.

During a visit of the Viceroy of India to Baroda, twenty-nine people were killed, and thirty-five injured by a crush at the gates of a park.

MAJOR SHARP,  
Provincial Off'r, Kingston, Ont.

## NEXT WEEK!

## "REMINISCENCES."

OR.

## "To Run a Long Story Short."

BY THE FIELD COMMISSIONER  
IN THEChristmas  
War Cry.

The tin wedding of Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs was celebrated on Monday, November 30th, by a surprise party, who stormed the Colonel's home about a dozen men, every one armed with a tin household utensil of some sort or other.



## The United States.

Colonel Holland has been appointed National Secretary of the United States Social work. The opening of the Negro work has been postponed until next Fall.

Brigadier Halpin has been appointed National Travelling Representative, and Major Marshall, late Editor of the Conqueror, is a National Travelling Representative.

Staff-Captain Edith Marshall is now a Major, and has charge of the Junior Soldiers' wing. The Conqueror is to be enlarged with the January issue, and have a new dress.

Three great Congresses are to be held at Boston, New York and Chicago.

Albuquerque, New Mexico, has been opened.

Ensign Fong Foo See, the only Chinese Staff-Officer in the world, sang peculiar folks we are," at Commis. Higgins' farewell meetings at Frisco.

San Jose, Cal., Corps has twenty-six Chinese Salvationists.

5,227 souls professed conversion in the Pacific Coast Chief Division from January 15 to October 31.

The Chinese War Cry, San Francisco, will be a special Christmas one.

Major Deva Sundrum and Ensign Gunasekara, Hindoos, are visiting the United States.

Philadelphia has 21 S. A. Corps.

## England.

Brigadier Scott, late of our Eastern Province, has been appointed to the Manchester Division, (England).

The British Self-Dental amounted to over \$12,000.

108 souls sought Salvation and purity in the General's meetings on Sunday at Bayview.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lamb, private Secretary to the Chief of His Staff, has been appointed Trade Secretary at International Headquarters.

A large number of Chief Staff-Officers on the Field have changed appointments.

Four Captain Williams', four Thomas', three Johns', and ten others have been promoted to Ensigns in England.

The General recently spent a day at Nottingham, his native town.

## Australia.

Major Etherington, appointed Editor-in-Chief of the Australian publications, has arrived at his post. His first act was to establish an Intelligence Bureau at the Territorial Headquarters for the prompt distribution to each of the Colonial periodicals the latest news from the Colonies.

The Australian Self-Dental amounted to \$90,000, which is \$20,000 above last year's figures.

The Commandant's health has considerably improved.



## Scenes in the Life of Brigadier Addie.

By MAJOR MOSS.

## Scene IV.

Jack was haunted by a face. Not a very unusual thing in the case of a young man of his age.

Who, at the period of adolescence, has not been troubled either by the charming, golden-haired blonde, with her limpid blue eyes, or by the fascinating brunette, with her flashing black ones?

Jack was "hit hard" by a pair of "brutes," set in a full face—with whiskers.

Wherever he went, he saw that face. These brown eyes looked into his over the counter, as he de-filyed waited upon his customers. They beamed over his shoulder as he sat at the bar, and down upon his companions. And all the time they seemed to be wooing him to something, the which he could not understand. Strange face, strange man, Jack thought. Who and what could he be? The mystery was soon to be solved.

One Sunday morning, Jack came walking lithely down the street, prepared to go to a neighboring town for a day's outing. His chum, however, like Solomon's sluggard, was taking "yet little sleep, a little slumber," and Jack had to wait.

To while away the time he meandered down the street some distance, turned the first corner, and came upon what he thought to be a body of escapes from the nearest asylum. Verily, they were the most outraged people he had ever seen. These were set twenty people, men and women, in the full flush of their first love for God, and Jack, who had some idea of the contingent young Addle ran up against that morning.

In the centre of the ring stood a little lame man, who waved a wizard's wand, in the shape of a cane, and who was announced as Captain Rees, the *holy* man.

In spite of himself, the humpy Welshman, and the cane, Jack followed this remarkable company to a hall close by, pressed in with the throng, for there was a great following, and took a seat. He noted with surprise that there was method in all this apparent madness, and to his astonishment that he was in a religious meeting, and that this was the *Salvation Army*.

Jack had had plenty of religious instruction, but it had never been rubbed off by the influence of the *Salvationists*. In all his life he had heard such a drabbing. How he wriggled. The songs and prayers touched him to the quick. As for the testimonies, it was not so much what they said as the way in which they said it, that hit Jack.

He was immensely taken, too, with the story of a converted drunkard, who said: "Friends, you all know me, and what I have been. A few weeks ago my home was a hell upon earth. I spent my time in drink. My wife and children were constantly drunk and poorly fed, and to crown all I was cruel to them; but I came to the *Salvation Army*, and heard that Jesus, the Son of God, could save a poor sinner like me. Three weeks ago I went to Hell and Heaven. My wife is saved, my children are saved, and my home is now a happy one. Instead of spending my money at the public-houses I care for my family. Does any one here think I have done wrong?"

Jack was no logician, but he saw something here, and in his heart, young as he was, he answered in the negative.

Then commenced a prayer-meeting, mighty, powerful, and soul-moving. Jack was growing worse all the time. Some one smoked to him, went away, and came back again. Finally, he was persuaded. Jack jumped up, leaped over two seats, and found himself at the nearest platform, but whether on his head or his heels he never knew.

He was soon surrounded by a red-hot band who pressed him into the Kingdom, and that morning Jack Middle found, to his great joy, that "the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins."

Jack knew now what made the wearer of that strange face so happy, and how he could endure without protest the rough handling of an ungodly mob.

As for the sluggard, Jack left him in bed. He may be there now for all he knows. He never went back to him.

## Scene V.

The old gentleman was indignant: "Since the moment I had gotten into Jack's head there was no doing any thing with him!" he said.

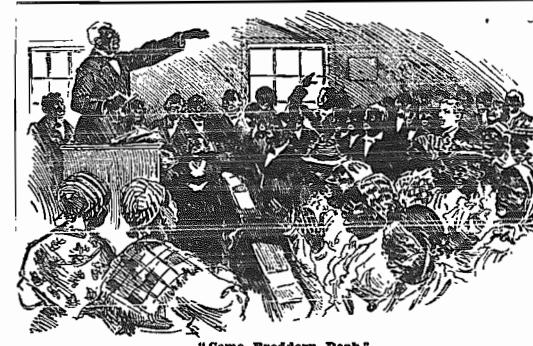
As for himself, he could not see what laymen wanted to be meddling with preaching for. Why could they not leave it to God's "ministers," who were as apart from it as they were educated also, which was meet?

Jack, however, had it in his bones. How could he go on and not offer for the work? Did he not feel the call? When he kept silence his bones ached and he would threaten his master with the consequences. What was selling drapery compared to saving souls? He felt he must become an Officer.

And the old gentleman felt he must, too, unless he could do something to prevent it. A long-cherished wish to enter the ranks of the Army, he at last decided to send him to Canada. Jack would then be away from the influence of the Army, and in a new country would, he hoped, soon forget all about it.

Like a good Scotshman, he was long in taking up his mind, but once decided he immediately put his resolution into practice, and in a few months Jack found himself in London, Canada, where he rapidly settled down to his changed environment, and east about for some spiritual home.

At first he liked the fish out of water. He had been saved in a warm community, and he sighed for the fire. Wherever he went there was something lacking. One institution was too dry, another too wet, while yet a third was too cold. Finally he discovered the "Church of the Colored Brethren," and to this he often repaired when his day's work was over, and when the church was open, to stir up the embers of the fire he felt smouldering within him. Here he could shout "Glory!" to his heart's content.



"Come, Breddern, Deash."

With his ebony fellow-worshippers Jack sang:

"Come, breddern heah  
Who lub de Lawd,  
And taste de sweets  
Ob Jesu's Wud."

Editor Lightfoot would afterwards deliver a disquisition on "De grate gittin-up mornin,'" and when the Elder often did, Jack would join in with the others and cheer the old man on.

But this kind of thing was solely for his own benefit.

Jack felt all the time that he ought to strike out on his Army career. He saw through his crowd of people outside the pale of the Churches, who, he knew, could be reached by Army methods. Ah! how many times the spirit was stilled, and Jack's conscience received an opiate.

One night, however, at a little cottage prayer-meeting he was conducting, a tall young fellow got up and sang:

"I'm living beneath the shade of the Cross.

Counting the jewels of earth but dross."

It was a song of "Home, Sweet Home," a song that reached Jack's heart in a peculiar way. Like a exile who hears the songs of his native land and boyhood days after the lapse of many years, and the sound of his native tongue after long silence, Jack's eyes filled with tears, and his heart with joy. Here, at last, then, was the home he had sought so long. Jack's strain of Scotch blood told him that "two were better far than one for counsel or for fight."

As soon as the little meeting had closed, Jack went down to the young man and said, "I have never been a Salvation Army Soldier."

"Not quite," was the reply, "but I was sanctified in the Army."

"You're the fellow I've been looking for for the last six months!" said Jack.

"And so are you!" the other replied.

Whereupon the two fell upon each other's necks and hugged each other vigorously, somewhat to the astonishment of those who remained.

## SCENE VI.

At the next cottage meeting, Jack asked for volunteers for the open-air—and got none.

These "Soldiers of the Cross" weren't built that way. Some of them reckoned they were not enough to serve God inside, without going out on the street to do it publicly. And, besides, it wasn't orthodox.

Even the leader of the meeting that evening questioned the wisdom of it, and particularly that of giving up the indoor service (with a congregation of thirty) to go into the open-air (with a congregation of one hundred and ten). Still, he could not, of course, decide for them. They must do that themselves.

They decided, and Jack and Joe (for Jack's friend in need was Joe Ludgate) linked arms, and went and paid a visit to the police station and Durden street, in the lower east part of the city, and where the greatest crowd of people passed to and fro.

Jack gave out, "I'm a soldier bound for glory." He had not finished the verse before they were thronged by a multitude.

Street preachers in these days were a very scarce commodity. And, in fact, there wasn't much call for them. Canadians were in the habit of taking their religion rather weak, with a little sugar in it. This kind was a trifle too strong, and evidently a foreign production. It was not, so to write, intelligent, to the say, "After events with show, however, that it is at least easily transplanted. Still, it must not moralize, or demoralize, as the case may be. To the corner."

After the verse had been lined out and sung through, a policeman (with that perverted faculty for turning up when not wanted, and where not wanted) arrived on the scene, and pre-

ferred their open-air meeting as usual, a notorious drunkard named "Whiskey-Mason," who was a drunk, came up to keep this up to such an extent that they were obliged to close early, as they were marching off with the two or three followers who occasionally assisted Addie, and led him along as meek as a lamb.

For the first time the hall was filled, the crowd simply pushing the chairs aside, and jamming it out, aisle and aisle. They wanted to see what these peculiar people were going to do with their prisoner.

Jack led Mason right up to the pentent-form, and at once prayed for him, while his companions followed this up by singing and prayer. Mason, however, was in such a dazed condition that, to use his own words, he "could not see it as they saw it." So Jack closed the meeting, and he and Ludgate took their "catch" home.

Now, Jack and Joe had two special leather helmets made, with a broad brim which read, "Prepare to meet thy God," and when Mrs. Mason saw them coming with her husband, she concluded he had fallen into the hands of the police again.

They however, soon reassured her, and made her feel they were her friends.

They put Mason to bed, and one of them watched him all night. In the morning, when the "craving" came on him, they gave him strong coffee, and kept him in bed. To make sure that he should not escape them, they had paid a man to watch by his bedside all night. Mason had not been sober for thirty years. The whiskey had completely saturated his system, and as soon as his supply was cut off he became weak and ill.

For ten days they looked after him; sat up with him by night, and paid their man to watch him by day. At the end of that period he had recovered, and came to the open-air meeting, where he got soundly converted.

This was a great catch, and as an advertising medium was worth thousands of dollars. In this connection it may also be remarked that "Whiskey" was in everybody's mouth. Even the Pastor of the Presbyterian Church mentioned the incident, and wondered if the conversion was permanent. After this, their hall was filled at every meeting.

Now the tide rose rapidly. Every night Jack and his companions landed a fine catch of fish. Insomuch that the hall soon became too small, and Jack went off to negotiate for a large skating-rink which was standing empty in another part of the town.

(To be continued.)

## MAJOR COLLIER AT WINNIPEG.

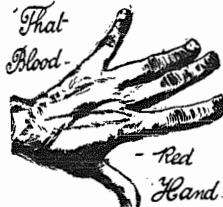
6 a.m. KNEE-DRILL—Promotions—Shea's Army—Souls Saved.

MAJOR COLLIER led the meetings at Winnipeg all day yesterday. We went in the morning from the Start; Knee-Drill at 6:30 a.m. God was very near. One for pardon and one for deliverance. The Holliness Meeting was a beauty, and three more sought forgiveness. Two had never been saved before; the other was an ex-soldier, far from the West. Afternoon good, deep conviction. None fled. The Major promoted Cadets Brown and Frantz, of the Shelter, to the rank of Lieutenant. Night, Barracks crowded: had to get extra seats from the small hall. Beautiful feelings. The next day and night two patrols. We have just returned from early Knee-Drill this morning, where one who was wounded yesterday surrendered. We are in for victory. Shea's Army worked well.—T. H. C.



God be merciful to me, a sinner!

Some people have said, "Look, the day is done!" And they give a sweet, satisfied smile. "Well, then," we replied. "Since Satan has died, Who is doing his work all the while?"



By J. READ.

"All red with the freshness of the Blood of the Lamb of God."—THE FIELD COMMANDER.

It was Self-Denial Sunday, November 1. Our leader, with fiery eye and holy zeal, was pleading for financial help. She had depicted the suffering Armenians, the homeless, clothesless little ones, the cry of the starving, the spirited way in which their Master Lucy Mrs. Bonaparte, Hellier, etc., etc. It was just at this eventful time of the meeting when the Field Commissioner pictured the agony of Jesus, telling us of that blood-red hand ever stretched out to the help of the down-trodden and fallen.

**ALL RED!** Precious Color! How we love the red of our hat bands, our garters, our banners, and other Army emblems! Yes, Christ's fair, lily-white hand was stained with His own blood. It was split, from base to top, ALL RED! ALL RED! Is it any wonder we cherish the red? But what a stigma-titious symbol! Is it the Blood that brings us near to God. The precious blood of Jesus washes, cleanses, purifies, makes as white as snow. What frightened mortals we are! How we shrink at the sight of it! See! From Christ's head, Christ's hands, Christ's feet, the blood flows! Precious Redeemer! A Fountain filled with blood! Hallelujah! The blood can—and does—make the VILEST clean! \*

**WHOSE BLOOD?** THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB OF GOD. Jesus, God's Own Son, Heaven's brightest inhabitant; the King of Glory, condescended to save the world, but only by His broken body and shed Blood. Think again, dear reader. Remember, the world will be a sorry, earthly monarch to spill His blood for His wicked subjects. But God SO LOVED every fallen man, woman and child that He GAVE His Only Begotten Son—the Flower of Heaven—that those WHOEVER believed in Him should not perish, but HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE. Can you grasp its meaning? Then there is hope for the hopeless, Salvation for the sinner, freedom for the slave, power for the faint, healing for the sick, joy for the mourner, and Heaven for all! for all this was bought by the precious Blood that trickled down from the hand of the dear Lamb of God.

O, sinner, come to Him! O, Soldier, fight for Him! Dear Jesus of Calvary!

## Self-Denial Converts.

By ADJUTANT MCGILLIVRAY, NEW Glasgow, N. S.

In one Corp in which I was stationed, a man, about fifty years of age, a builder, laid aside the good things of a full table, and, with his comrade, a builder, worked ten hours a day, and lived on brown bread and water. This man was the Corp's Treasurer, and I give it as my personal knowledge of him. He was a lover of all that was good, and decidedly practical.

In the City of K., among the many expressions of interest and admiration, I remember two comrades who lived here, and worked and collected some TWENTY DOLLARS. I always noted in them they took a keener interest in God and souls afterwards. Both are Officers to-day.

Some people pay everybody else—The Lodge fees, insurance fees, etc., etc. The Lodge gets a living trickle. The Self-Denial converts put God first, how can a man prosper spiritually who robs God? His praying for the showers don't go very high.

A Sergeant-Major in one of my Corps last year was disappointed in some promised donations; but, not to let him down, he, on one rainy night, went from door to door, and collected many barrels and sold them and made up the lacking \$3.00 to make his target. This man was not a tremendous talker, but loved God and was a true Soldier, a cheer to the Officers and a blessing in helping on the war.

Real practical, Christlike Self-Denial will do more to enlarge the soul than a big trunk of books on the subject.

Lord, help us all to be doers of the

# THE CROWN OF THORNS.

BY THE GENERAL.

"Then the soldiers of the Governor took Jesus into the common hall, and stripped Him, and put on Him a scarlet robe. And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put upon His Head, and a reed in His Hand; and they bowed the knee before Him, and mocked Him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews!"—Matthew xxvii, 27, 28, 29.

**JESUS CHRIST** is the Salvationist's example. He is his pattern man. In humiliation, character, tenderness, and suffering, he must copy Him. He must follow Him fully, and the more exact the resemblance, the happier the more useful, and the greater satisfaction to the good Father in the Son.

But where must this resemblance lie? The Salvationist cannot merit mercy, or earn blessings for his fellows, as did His Master. No, he must not try. That work was perfectly accomplished by His Master. Christ obtained sufficient sovereign grace, grace that met all the wants of the world, and perhaps of all other worlds as well, and that for all eternity.

The Salvationist may not be called to die. He may not be in His work to hang himself upon a gallows, be torn to pieces in a wild beast's den, or be buried in a fire fierce at the stake. Very probably not. Still he must offer up his life to be employed in the service of his Saviour, whether or no he may be called to lay it down. That must remain at the good pleasure of his Lord. Martyrdom of the old blood-thirsty and iron-gone out of flesh, amongst civilized peoples anyway. Modern Christians mostly die in their beds.

But if it is not given to the Salvationist to re-act in exact form the deeds and agonies of His Lord, he will do them very well to its intent. If he be a faithful soldier, and in nothing more so than in the matter of this Crown of Thorns. Perhaps in few things do the lower

to which the Christians. This statement is correct. How many hypocrites in this purpose have been laughed off the stage of action—laughed out of existence altogether. How many holy resolutions and zealous consecrations have been mocked out of men's hearts and lives, and as a result, how many such empty, vain, reprobated by the devil, as were so said to have been laughed into hell! Well does Satan know this, and his power to make the work and warfare of Christ appear ridiculous is marvelous. The extent, while this is so could not be believed, if the thing were not in such effective and active operation around us.

That fools should make a mock of sin—which the wise man discovered they did in his day, and which we know to do in ours—such is the case. But that they should appear poor for the labor and sacrifice God and man make for their rescue from sin and its consequences is a greater wonder still. It is as though a murderer should make a laughing stock of his crime, and then turn into sport the entire friends who are making to save him from the gallows.

Anyway, this is the treatment extended freely to the Salvationist, and he must be willing to have it so. It was thus with his Lord on this occasion, as on others, and the disciple is not above his Master." He must accept, as a part of his lot, The Wearing of the Torture.

Every successful Reform Movement the world has known, they say, goes through three distinct stages: First, Ridicule; Second, Persecution; and Third, Success. So far, the Army is engaged in the First Stage, and unless they would rats more sense to understand where it is, and where we are, or sufficient grace to come over to our side, I fear it will be a long time before

they disappeared altogether, slain by the "daughter of fools."

Yes, ridicule kills. I have no doubt that if we Salvationists were being burned at Smithfield to-day, a portion of this very crowd that now industriously avails us would be shocked, not for pain and punishment, but because we are the contempt of a Laodicean Church, or the laughing-stock of a Godless world, they go by on the other side, leaving us to struggle forward as best we can.

(To be Continued.)

## OUR OLD COMRADE,

Ensign Woodgate, who is Very Sick, Visited by Brigadier Scott, in England.

I am always glad to meet Salvationists, especially those who have been in the land of the Maple Leaf, and stood at the front of the battle, borne the heat of the war, lead on God's host, conquered the foe, and done valiant service for the Kingdom of Heaven. Good old Army!

It was my privilege, quite unexpectedly, I assure you, to visit an Officer who for some time stood on Army platforms in Canada. Ensign Woodgate, by no means inferior in a score of number of Canadians, as will his dear wife. This Officer is the one I now refer to. God bless him!

I was sorry to find this precious Comrade so unwell. Hearing Commissioner Combs mentioned his name and the question of his health, his wife said, I made request to go no also. The Commissioner had worked hard for days with the dear General; nevertheless, he must see this old Comrade, even if it did mean getting up at 6 a.m. Yes, five, for our train left about six.

Dear Woodgate! how glad he was to see the Commissioner! It was almost too much for him at the first. He talked freely and was not at all backward in his frankness for the Army and the Army. He appeared to gather a little strength as he went on, and told us of his love for the "Good old Army."

He was very much interested in the war, and inquired about things, as well as expressing himself freely in God. "Oh, yes, I could get out again. I would ring out, 'Good old Army,' and tell the world of a Salvation." This was said so earnestly and sincerely, and with such a desire and yearning, that he had no regrets to make, and looked back with joy to his faithful service.

He mentioned two sisters who were just going into the field, and felt cheered at the thought of them going to the battle front. He still loves the War, and had no regrets to make in giving his life to God and the Army. His sky was clear, and he could say, "They will be done."

Had he a message for his old Comrades? Why, yes. "Give them my love and tell them to fight on the crest to stand by the Army, and go on with their work of saving souls." Most gladly, dear Ensign, will I send this message. I will pray for you.

We said good-bye and left this noble warrior in the hands of our Lord and King. His wife bore him up magnificently with God bless her! I am sure prayer will ascend on their behalf by all Salvationists that God will comfort and bless, and just make His will known in this matter. Prove it!

Now, my dear Comrades, here is a message for you from this saint of God and Soldier of the Cross. You have received a good number of messages from time to time recalling yourselves and us in general. Still we have not turned to you on the path of devotion and self-sacrifice? Could you have seen this Officer, I am sure you would have felt touched by divine pity, and felt like pushing on the way more, and more, for more FEELING!!

God be with you, precious Comrades, and keep you under His wing, shelter you with His power, guide you with His Spirit, and fill you with His love always. Amen and Amen!

Be faithful, be good, and fight on to the end. Believe me as your old Comrade,

T. W. SCOTT.

## A COMRADE GONE.

Ensign Woodgate, so well-known in Ontario and the East, has just been promoted to glory from Stockport, England. Commissioner Combs and Brigadier Scott visited him just before he

Ensign Woodgate was a brother of Mrs. Captain O'Neill, of Brampton and Lieutenant Woodgate, of Warton. Other members of the family are Soldiers in Canada and the United States. Our Comrades have the deep sympathy of all their Comrades in the loss of their brave warrior brother.

God-Glorifying!  
Christ-Magnifying!  
Saint-Inspiring!

THE  
CHRISTMAS  
WAR CRY  
NEXT WEEK!

ONLY 5 CENTS.

16 PAGES---20 WITH COVERS.

Entrancing!  
Fascinating!  
Charming!  
Solid!  
Substantial!  
Inspiring!

A BIG VARIETY OF  
WRITERS.  
BOOKERS.  
READERS.

The F.O.'s, the D.O.'s, the F.C.'s, the  
L.O.'s, the Soldiers will be Re-  
presented---No Family Circle  
Should be Without it.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

writes a profusely illustrated article  
entitled:

"REMINISCENCES."

being a series of word-pictures of some  
of the most thrilling moments of the  
Commissioner's experience as an Army  
Officer.

Here are a few:

"In the British Commons."  
"A Slim Scene."  
"Highgate Salvation Marvels."

—:—

"Her Glass and His Tongue,"

—:—

is the title of a story by Ensign Page.

"THE STORY-TELLER,"

an entirely new and novel thing, will  
be one of the most fascinating produc-  
tions ever issued from our presses. A  
great number of prominent and well-  
known Officers will take part.

—:—

"Our Veterans,"

being messages from some of the oldest  
Soldiers in the ranks, is heart-stirring  
and soul-blessing.

But we have not space to tell the  
many beauties of this wonderful num-  
ber of the wonderful War Cry, only to  
say that it will bring a live, glowing,  
stimulating feeling for every man of  
Salvation Army as much as the demons  
around this Territory howl with  
fleishly vexation, and sink into the  
back-ground like whipped cream.

WAR CRY

The Big Financial Victory in Toronto.

Glory be to God! "Toronto the Good" is  
still good to do a magnificent thing  
for God and the war when called upon.

THE Commissioner's great financial  
effort at the Temple on the first day  
of the Special Week was a splendid  
success, and no doubt helped the faith  
and efforts of our comrades in the re-  
maining portion of the Territory.

It not only broke the record for To-  
ronto and the Territory, but, so far  
as we know, for the world, for there is  
no record of any day's gathering to-  
talling \$1,417 for the first day of the  
Self-Denial Week.

Those who know Toronto will see the  
significance of the accomplishment, and  
perhaps be surprised to add their  
tribute to that of the worthy District  
Officers for a full manifestation of  
that revival, the beginnings of which  
we have already experienced.

The Christmas War Cry Next Week

Truth is stranger than fiction, and  
reality more fascinating than romance, and  
those who invest the modest five  
cents in our next week's issue will un-  
doubtedly realize this when they have  
perused the thrilling stories with which  
the all-new pages of the Christmas  
Cry will teem. There will be a fairly re-  
presentative Cry, its great variety of  
contributors including some of almost  
every rank in the Army, from the Field  
Commissioner down.

The Christmas War Cry will be pro-  
fusely illustrated, and its lithographed  
cover is declared by all who have seen  
it to excel anything we have done yet.  
The worth of our special Issues has  
been fully attested, not only by our own  
Officers and Soldiers, who have been  
loud in their appreciation of past issues,  
which we bestowed the highest praise  
on what has been done in this line in  
the past.

These special Issues call for a good  
deal of skillful and painstaking work,  
not only from the contributor and  
Editorial worker, but from the etching,  
composing, and printing departments, and  
such work will, as heretofore, be freely  
given so that we can provide the  
thousand purchasers of the coming  
Christmas number from beginning  
to end of the whole process it will  
have the united, honest and hearty  
effort of one and all engaged upon it,  
to produce the very best thing up-to-  
date.

Don't fail to purchase a copy.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

CAPTAIN CAVE, Newfoundland  
Provincial Headquarters, to be En-  
sign.

CAPTAIN KENWAY, Eastern Pro-  
vince, to be Ensign.

CAPTAIN MOSS, Lamaline, to be  
Ensign.

LIEUTENANT SHEPHERD, Mor-  
ton's Harbor, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT JAMES, Herring  
Neck, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT BENNETT, Carbon-  
ear, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT TILLEY, Lamaline,  
to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT SPARKE, Burin, to  
be Captain.

LIEUTENANT CAFE, Triton, to  
be Captain.

LIEUTENANT HOWELL, Goose-  
berry Island, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT NORMAN, Seal Cove,  
to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT BRACE, Channel, to  
be Captain.

LIEUTENANT LESTER, Special  
Work, to be Captain.

CADET CLARK, Twillingate, to be  
Lieutenant.

CADET JAMES, Harbor Grace, to be  
Lieutenant.

CADET DeWITTA, Napanee, to be  
Lieutenant.

CADET HIND, Picton, to be Lieu-  
tenant.

CADET CARTER, Odessa, to be  
Lieutenant.

CADET M. JAMES, Burin, to be  
Lieutenant.

CADET CUMMINGS, Grand Bank,  
to be Lieutenant.

CADET T. PITCHER, Bonavista, to  
be Lieutenant.

CADET POLLITT, Indian Arm, to  
be Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS—

ENSIGN KENWAY, Southern Dis-  
trict, Newfoundland.

ENSIGN MOSS, St. John's II.

CAPTAIN BENNETT, Hearts' De-  
light.

CAPTAIN TILLY, Western Bay.

CAPTAIN SPARKS, Grand Bank.

CAPTAIN CAFE, Fortune.

CAPTAIN HOWELL, Seal Cove.

CAPTAIN NORMAN, Tilt Cove.

CAPTAIN SHEPHERD, Triton.

CAPTAIN BRACE, Gooseberry Is-  
land.

LIEUTENANT CLARK, Grand  
Bank.

LIEUTENANT JAMES, Exploits.

LIEUTENANT CUMMINGS, Fort-  
une.

LIEUTENANT M. JAMES, Tilt Cove.

LIEUTENANT PITCHER, Catalina.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,  
Commissioner.

Ensign and Mrs. Wiseman called at  
Headquarters, going to rest at Cobber-  
ton. We ask our comrades to join  
them in their prayers.

DOINGS OF THE STAFF BAND  
For Self-Denial.

We commenced on Friday by going  
to Lippincott, where Colonel Jacobs  
conducted a united meeting to launch  
the Self-Denial effort in the city. A  
rousing march preceded this meeting,  
in which the Colonel gave us an in-  
spiring practical address. The Chief  
Secretary having to leave early, Major  
Gaskin took the reins. Several Officers  
spoke, and we finished up with a real  
red-hot, all-alive prayer meeting. One  
man volunteered for Salvation.

Sunday was the day of days which  
we spent with the Commissioner at  
the Temple. The Band worked hard,  
enjoyed the meetings and received rich  
blessings. Abler pens than mine have  
already reported these meetings.

At the Temple.

Monday night we marched out in fast  
falling rain, the lively martial strains  
of the music caused many to stop, and  
not a few kindly remarks were passed  
on the excellent playing. Inside Major  
Jacobs, Captain Minnie, and Private String,  
etc., gave a splendid musical treat,  
which was thoroughly enjoyed. The  
playing and singing was lovely. Ensign  
Kenning sang "Crowned with Thorns,"  
and Staff-Captain Minnie finished the  
meeting with an earnest heart-talk.  
Many were in tears, but none yielded.  
Over four dollars for Self-Denial fund  
was obtained.

At Lippincott.



ADJT. ONSLOW.

In charge of Lippincott Training Garrison and Corps

Wednesday night the rain poured  
down, too heavy for a march, but the  
boys were not to be outdone, so they  
marched in the rain and did a grand  
and sweet, thrilling music treat. A nice  
crowd gathered inside. The band did  
well, following nearly the same pro-  
gramme as on Monday. Staff-Captain  
Minnie again spoke straight to the  
people's hearts; one man came for-  
ward, but did not seem to understand,  
being under the influence of drink.  
May God save him. \$3.25 was given  
for Self-Denial here.

Lingar St.

Thursday night at Lingar Street was  
a glorious time. Fine night, splendid  
weather, and a full band en-  
closed themselves. "Twas a season of  
joy and blessing! The Chief Secretary  
was in command, and gave us what  
he termed a one-cent address. "Twas  
well worth the price, being very punc-  
tual and practical. We finished up with  
one more grand finale to swell  
our Self-Denial Target.

At every place we received a hearty  
invitation to "come again," the people  
were so delighted.—A. Gaskin.

The following scriptural quotation in  
big type appeared across three columns  
of The Globe, (Toronto) on Thanksgiving  
Day:

Thou, Lord, has made me glad  
through Thy works. I will triumph in  
the works of Thy hands.—Psalms xlii, 4.  
O give thanks unto the Lord, for He  
is good, for His mercy endureth for  
ever.—Psalms civ, 4.

Oh that men would praise the Lord  
for His goodness and for His won-  
derful works to the children of men.—  
Psalms civ, 8.

# TORONTO'S RECORD-BREAKING DAY!

**BIGGEST TOTAL for the First Day of Self-Denial in the World.**

**\$1,417**

**ON THE ALTAR IN THE OLD TEMPLE.**

## THE FIELD COMMISSIONER LEADING ON.

**H**A-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA ! Good for the Queen City ! \$1,417 the first day of the 1896 Self-Denial effort.

It deserves publishing round the world. They used to do big things in Toronto, "in the early days," but, oh my ! this IS an eve-opening !

This record-breaking achievement took place Saturday, 22nd November, at-surely the place—the Temple, Toronto. It happened thus: The Field Commissioner, who is a very consistent Self-Denier, (so consistent, in fact, that some of us who happen to know the Commissioner well, have no self left to give if she doesn't soon get out a better diet than potatoes) decided that she would launch the Self-Denial Campaigner herself at Toronto, and that an effort should be put forth for a sum which would do credit to the famous old battle-cry, and publish to the world that God is still amongst us, enabling us to do exploits for Him.

Accordingly, plans were made and the target for the day fixed at

**\$1,000.**

**\$1,000 !** It quite took some people's breath away to think of it ! "\$1,000 in one day" ? "At the Temple" ? were the type of half incredulous expressions around amongst those who really thought it a big thing; others said, "We shall do it alright" !

**Prayer was Made.**

The Commissioner herself, in a Headquarters' noon-day prayer-meeting, which she led just before the famous 22nd, laid it before the Lord in devout prayer. In which the unuttered intercession of many another heart joined.

The morning meeting was a beautiful time. The Commissioner spoke very earnestly and fervently from the words, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," and at the close there was seen the beautiful spectacle of the multitude renewing their vows of consecration to the Lord. An excellent thing, by the way, at the commencement of Self-Denial week as well as other occasions.

The afternoon was, of course,

**The Big Time.**

A great crowd assembled, and those who know the old Temple will understand that it was a very unusual Sunday afternoon congregation when we say that the gallery, which had to be opened, was soon nearly filled.

The Commissioner gave a Self-Denial address on an interesting and touching nature, interspersed with singing, led on by our admirable Headquarters'

Band, and the Temple Band amalgamated. The playing was so arranged as to fit in with the speaking, and added not a little to the effectiveness of the other.

Then came THE moment, towards which all the day's doings had been focused.

In front of the platform, and veiled by a red cloth, was the Altar which had been specially constructed for the occasion.

The Band played, Captain Officers in white sashes took their stand in front of the Altar.

Then the Band ceased. Then a bugle-call was sounded from Ernest Kenning's cornet.

Then Staff-Captain Jacobs and Adjutant Jacobs unfastened the corners of the red covering and unveiled the Altar, disclosing an oblong structure some 16 or 18 feet long, covered with gold paper, furnished with four horns, and at each corner, a small bell, bearing also a top of six metal plates, on which the offerings were to be laid.

Along the front of this golden-looking Altar was the motto, "The altar sanctifies the gift." Of course, this was all done in a "twinkle" of a speck. Then the "promissory notes" ("dandy," handy little slips of white paper with the following marked in blue ink

**SELF-DENIAL SUNDAY.**

Toronto, Nov. 22nd, 1896.

For the Glory of God and the Salvation of souls, I promise **CONFESSION**—  
ER EVAN BROWN (towards the great Self-Denial effort, 1896) the sum of \$....., to be paid in full between November 22nd and 30th, 1896.

Signed .....  
Address .....  
Name of Corps.....

Name of Corps.....  
were handed around.

Then it was money and promises doled out and silver, special messengers running hither and thither distributing promissory notes on the one hand and collecting them and the offerings on the other.

It was a bonnie sight.

The ringing and unassuming young Officer, Staff-Captain Smeaton, the Army's careful and capable Comptroller of Finance, was literally in his element. He distinctly rose to the occasion, and, with a bunch of promissory notes, (which had been flying briskly,) that in neat shape peculiar to those long-accustomed to counting dollar bills, he made the Commissioner aware, by total after total, of the splendid progress being made.

There was a mighty rise of faith when these amounts were read out, that was plain enough, although the volleys were a trifle languid.

Finally, the reading out of the promised had to be given an owing to their great number, but there was an air of extra triumphant animation in the Commissioner's face and Colonel Jacobs looked wise and knowing as a Methuselah.

At night the Temple was full to the top seat of the gallery, and some stood outside of a seat. That's good !

The Commissioner, who ought to have been resting after her great Newfoundland Campaign, was again to the front, and spoke for some time. Then Colonel Jacobs sprang forward with the tall, black baton in his hand, and read the Commissioner's message with the desperation of a man who properly realized the urgency of the moment. Then, when two poor sinners had been snatched as burdens from the burning pyre, the Commissioner, who had not yet felt tilt in the fight all along, read out the long-promised announcement of the day's financial total—

**\$1417 ! ! !**

We thanked the Lord, with uplift-

ed hands—hard hands, soft hands, white hands, brown hands—around the altar. We sang the praises and glorified the Giver of every good gift. Oh ! "was a pretty sight, and "what a sight" indeed too. Poor people "lifted up holy hands without wrath and doubtless," and we were, therefore, in the Apostle's succession.

Then we did something else. It was an extravagant thing to do, but we did it. We—actually dined !

**MAJOR COMPLIN.**

**East Ontario String Band**

Under Mrs. Major Sharp.

**A Woman Orator and a Boy Euphonium Soloist.**

We are still on the move, and are having grand success. Praise the Lord ! Six miles, financial help, Officers and Soldiers encouraged are the results of our visits.

The series of meetings at Newport, Vt., was a success. Adjutant Blackburn, whom the band thinks a good deal of, drove us over hill and valley to Coaticook and Sherbrooke. We were all able to sing :

"And the Adjuntant drove, and he drove, drove, drove,  
And a very good drive he ;  
For he got us safe here, with our throats all clear,  
For the Sherbrooke Jubilee."

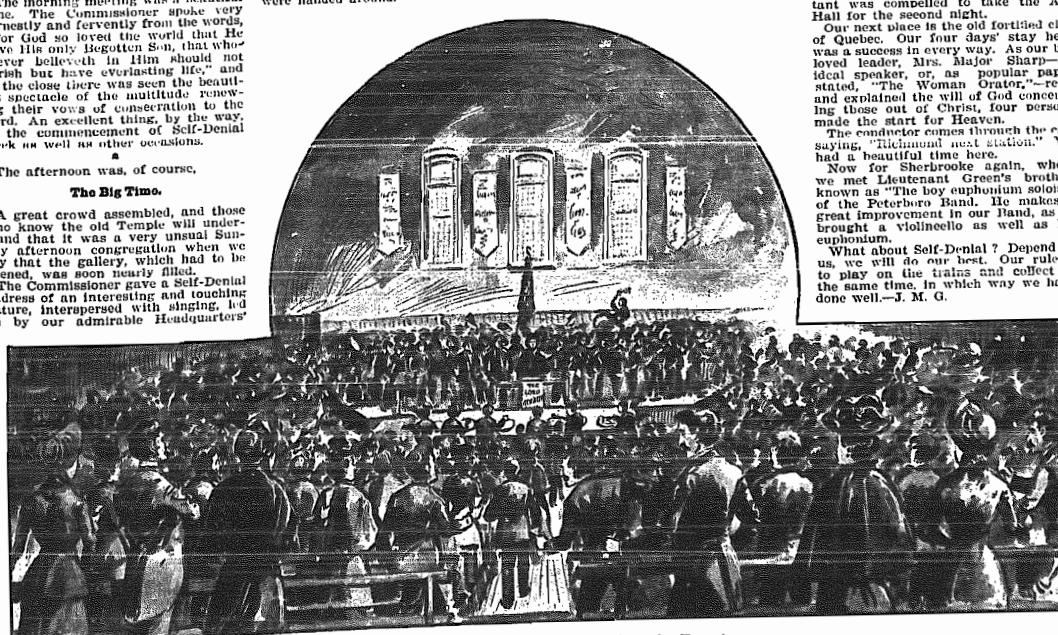
We were here two nights, and on account of the Salvation Army Hall being packed the first night, the Adjutant had to come out to take the Art Hall for the second night.

Our next place is the old fortified city of Quebec. Our four days' stay here was a success in every way. As our beloved leader, Mrs. Major Sharp, in her speech, or as popular paper stated, "The Woman Orator," read and explained these out of Christ, four persons made the start for Heaven.

The conductor came in through the ear, saying, "We are at last station." We had a beautiful time here.

Now for Sherbrooke again, where we met Lieutenant Green's brother, known as "The boy euphonium soloist" of the Peterboro Band. He makes a great improvement in our band, as he brings in violin and, as well as his euphonium.

What about Self-Denial ? Depend on us, we will do our best. Our rule is to play on the trains and collect at the same time. In which way we have done well.—J. M. G.



\$1,417 on the Self-Denial Altar at the Temple, Toronto.

# A Desperate Battle The Soldier Who Led the Way.

To Be Fought in Newfoundland.

1,150 Prisoners to be Taken and 465  
New Soldiers to be Mustered in  
this Winter—A Council of  
War does Business.

Among the many things discussed in a recent Staff-Council held by the Newfoundland Provincial Officer was the increase of souls, and our Soldiers' Roll. The District Officers, without exception, quite agreed with the Major that the coming winter the soldiers should be a time of advance all around, and accordingly fixed their targets.

The Provincial Target is 1,150 souls, and 465 Soldiers.

The District Targets are: St. John's, 200 souls and 50 Soldiers; Harbor Grace, 150 souls and 40 Soldiers; Carbonear, 160 souls and 75 Soldiers; Roberts, 18 souls and 60 Soldiers; Grand Bank, 145 souls and 50 Soldiers; Greenspond, 60 souls and 40 Soldiers; Twillingate, 125 souls and 70 Soldiers; Tilt Cove, 150 souls and 70 Soldiers.

No doubt the targets look quite large, but we can get them. What say you, St. John's? If these targets don't fit the rousing time you had at the Commissioner's meetings, the mighty blessings, the rivers of living water which flowed, the blessed inspirations and the floods of light you received, the effects of which have already been seen. Get there? Why, yes, go away over! Target far too small!

Harbor Grace and Carbonear come next. What shall we say, Comrades? Will the absence of a District Officer hinder the progress of a Boom? No! The Officers, to a man, will take up, and push, and push again until they push their enemies into the Kingdom. But that is not all. There is something in store for these Districts yet. It has always been the case,—when one goes another comes, and your sorrow will be turned into gladness, and your mourning into a real Newfoundland dance. Wait awhile then; "you will see what you will see."

"He that winneth souls is wise." What shall we expect of the Eastern Districts with such leaders as Ensigns Ebsary and McRae to lead the forces on to victory? There is no doubt but what a mighty revival will spread around, and their targets will be doubled. Shall it be so? Work, pray, and believe; God will give you the victory.

Grand Bank comes next. They, too, have lost their District Officer. Still, there is something in the wind, and before the boom is properly started he will be taking up the reins and marching the Southern braves on to war.

Then there are the Northern Districts under the Parson and New-man. The winter has already set in, and many of the harbors are frozen up; but there is a stream which flows all the year round, which neither frost nor anything else can hinder. We are heavily for it to flow this winter until many a soul shall be born of the Spirit of God.

Now, my Comrades, go forward, and let the Winter's Boom be a mighty success.

ALEX. McMILLAN,  
Provincial Officer.

## A Tremendous Hit



Yes the Christmas War Cry will be a hard hitter, and don't you forget that the price will be 6 cents.

The art of life consists in the economy of its opportunities.—Bishop Fraser.

It was as long ago as the battle of Inkerman. The hero of the scene still lives. He was at that time only a Lieutenant, but he had to have been acting as Captain on the occasion here described. Lieutenant Acton, of the 77th Regiment, was standing on the battlefield, with a remnant of the men belonging to his detachment,—not more than sixty or seventy in all,—when the Major, Lord West, of the 1st, came across to him and said: "I see several of your men here; get them together, and then—pointing whilst he spoke toward a Russian battery on the heights which was firing upon them—he ordered Acton to go and join the companies of his own regiment, adding, "Order them to join you, and advance against the battery."

Lord West went on to intimate that Acton's object must be to take the battery or drive it off.

The younger officer marched off with his men, and joining the two companies, they formed all three together one line, facing the battery marked out for

Dannewerk, the Russian Commander-in-Chief, constrained by what he described in his despatch as "the murderous fire of the enemies artillery," gave orders to retreat.

"So at last the battle was won"—Inkerman—called "The Soldier's battle."

One of the immediate causes of the Russian retreat, notwithstanding movement has been ascribed in history to the young officer, little more than boy, who led the way at all costs.

It may be you stand alone—perhaps in some Barnabas' office—perhaps in some city office, the only one who wishes to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Then take courage from this story of one man who was resolved to obey orders at all costs. It is hard, you say, to take a stand among your comrades. Yes, temptation is strong, the devil will tempt about, the devil and all his hosts of evil make it hard. You will never be able to keep straight or to lead others straight in your own strength. You may be resolved to shun

the battery. It may be you stand alone—perhaps in some Barnabas' office—perhaps in some city office, the only one who wishes to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Then take courage from this story of one man who was resolved to obey orders at all costs. It is hard, you say, to take a stand among your comrades. Yes, temptation is strong, the devil will tempt about, the devil and all his hosts of evil make it hard. You will never be able to keep straight or to lead others straight in your own strength. You may be resolved to shun



"I'll go Myself."

attack. Acton then called to his side an officer from each of the two companies which formed the right and left of the line. He told them his orders, and said, "If you will attack the battery on either flank, I'll do so in front," and recommended that advance should be immediate. The others said the three companies were not strong enough. Acton's reply was, "I'll stand by me, I'll obey my orders and attack with the 77th." So saying, he ordered his men to advance.

Not a man moved, seeing that the other had hesitated; they shrank from the double danger of starting alone as a single file.

"I'll go myself," was the resolute determination expressed by their Captain. He moved forward, and soon found himself quite alone at a distance of some thirty or forty yards in front of his men. Presently James Tyrell, a private in the 77th, ran out of the ranks and joined himself by the side of his Captain, saying, "Sir, I'll stand by you." Then another soldier sprang out of the company on the right, placed himself close abreast of the Captain, whilst Tyrell continued to stand on the other side. The other soldiers followed forward towards the battery. They went a few yards without being followed, when suddenly, to Acton's infinite joy, the whole of the 77th men moved forward after their Captain and formed up behind him. The two companies did not long remain hidden on the right, but left them, but worked their way steadily up in the direction of the battery.

A distant yet formidable power now began to take part in the combat.

First one, then another of the mighty eighteen-pounder shot flew winging over the heads of our people, and at last the heads of our soldiers, who sought to hide at the haphazard assailed.

Acton's men were still tearing onward to attack in front and flank. The Russians, fearing lest their guns should fall into the hands of our people, attempted to blow up a magazine. When Acton and his men ran up into the sight of the battery, they found only one gun-carriage and a couple of turn-brills. Thus the battery was driven from its position.

The forward movement then con-

tinued, to the death-rattle in his throat, and Welsh preacher after fifty years' ministry among the mountaineers and shepherds of that rugged little principality, gasped the words, as he waved his hands to those about him, "Good-bye! Drive on!" The warrior was Christmas Evans, and in his dying hour, the old days of mountain travel seemed to have recurred to him.

A few days before he had preached a remarkable sermon, and at its close, when descending the pulpit stairs, he was heard to say, "This is my last sermon!" From that hour he sank. Blessed final farewell was his, and more blessed exhortation,—"Drive on."

Drive, drive, drive. The world is full

of rush, drive and go. Business men, from early morn till midnight hours, drive and say, "push, Christ in a corner. He is driven and dashes into the world, his business affairs into some iron cage, their faces wrinkle, their hair grey, they totter and tumble into the grave, literally choked, stifled by worldly affairs, driven to judgment with years of sinning, unable to stand before Him, whose help, succor, and protection they scorned, forgot and refused when driving their business. Yes, drive seems to be the word. Politicians drive their hobbies, lawyers drive their cases, rum-sellers drive their infernal trade. Theatricals, gamblers, drive their plays, prostitutes, drunkards, drive their sins. On, on, on goes this poor world, hating life, literally driven to ruin and despair, and the Arch-Flend glants over the victory.

Salvationists, drive on! King Jesus drives out for Hallelujah drivers, to receive him. His claim upon the hearts and consciences of every sinner and backslider. Go ahead, Captain! Step at it, Lieutenant! Hell is earned! Hell is ghastly! Hordes of victims are being driven to its pit. Up and after them! Overtake the enemy, and then with hand-to-hand conflict seize his pride and power. Drive on! Hallelujah, charge straight to the Cross, every fetter is broken, and where the heaviest and vilest burden can be loosened. My comrade, drive on! drive on!!! DRIVE ON!!!

J. READ.

## BLIZZARD BLOWS FROM NORTH DAKOTA.

Fifteen Souls Seek Salvation—Visit to the Asylum.

Boarding the cars at Valley City, we were hurried off to that beautiful town—Jamestown—on the James River, for a four days' campaign.

The beating of drums and the crowd of Salvationists, and the Salvation Army, trained and in trim, the "Blizzard Band" boys feel that a good time was before them in this town. Nor were they disappointed. Falling into line with Adjutant Goodwin and Captain Kemp at the head, a march around the town announced that the

### Blizzard Band had Struck the Town.

The Armory Hall had been secured for the service of the Salvation Army. And as we came in from the march for our first meeting, a full hall greeted us. To say that the people were pleased with the meeting is drawing it very mild. Sunday morning knee-drill was a sword-sharpening time. At the holiest meeting there was no delay. The offerings and the necessities of salvation were placed before the people so as to convince them that the Christian life was the best. The night meeting was the crowning time. The large hall was literally packed, and the shouting souls cried for mercy. Monday night's meeting was held in the barracks, which was almost uncomfortably packed, but two souls crowded this meeting.

On Tuesday afternoon

The Insane Asylum Authorities kindly placed their team at our disposal for a visit to the Institution with our String Band. But we spent a most delightful time. As we would come to each ward we would stand and play a tune or two for the inmates, who were fairly delighted, many of whom thanked us for the nice music. We all left the Asylum, feeling more than ever thankful to God for our health and soundness of mind. At night we were to hold the last meeting of the Campaign, and all went in for a desperate attack on the hosts of Satan. Music from the Band and Strings was in abundance, but that of the Strings was in abundance, but that of the Band was the best. Our aim was the salvation of souls. In digging up the names of the first catch was a dear old lady, then a young lady, then a brother. These soon got through, when the pentitent-form was cleared, only to be filled again and again with penitents. Truly a blizzard of salvation had struck the meeting, and it raged until

### Ten Precious Souls

had professed to find salvation. It was half an hour past midnight when the meeting closed.

Bismarck was our next appointment for three days. God again came to our aid. In spite of counter attractions we had good crowds each day, and one soul found salvation. The Self-Denial fund was very materially helped, too. E. FLAT.

The Czar of Russia has assumed the active control of all the departments of State. He receives and replies to all communications from the foreign and other departments, without consulting any of his chief officials.

# Those Marvellous Boxes

## THE SCHEME STILL PROGRESSES.

By MAJOR J. READ.

Miss Ellis, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., writes: "Rest assured that when Self-Denial is over, with all I can to get my boxes in and make a good return. Well done, M. F. E.!"

Ensign V. Jost, of the St. John Rescue Home, means business. She declares (1) That she is planning to get more boxes out into the hotels and barber shops; (2) That she is doing her best; (3) That she thinks she ought to have Carleton's 80 per cent.

### So She Shall.

The St. John Home is reaping good help from the Grace Before Meal.

Captain Sims, L. B. P. A., E. O. P., (what a title!) reports great advance and improvement. He says defeat ought to be forgotten, as in Art and Ethics. God is an unknown feature around his charge. He wants to know if Ethel Ferguson, of Pleton, has "Beal" fever, and advises Brantford to look out. Brother Herrington, of Brighton, has done more for the G. B. at this quarter than any previous. For the past two quarters Cobourg has kept ahead of Port Hope, but this quarter the Port won the race by four cents. Sister Birch, L. A., of Cobourg, says it will be tough work for P. H. to retain honors. Peterboro has not returned to the top step, but is encroaching. L. A. Mrs. Lowes is a worker. Major Sharp is appointing new Agents in Kingston. For a final to his report Captain Sims says: "Don't be surprised to see the East Ontario Province taking first place."

Captain Mountenay has had a tough fight, but there are better things in store. He has begun Junior Soldier Lantern meetings in Barrie and Orillia, appointed Mrs. Marshall as L. A. in Bracebridge, and Mrs. Richards at Gravenhurst. Orillia is doing well with the Boys and the wilderness shall blossom as a rose even yet.

Another Agent! Miss Dora Coles, of Campbellford this time, and in passing it is worth writing about that Captain Sims took up \$100 collection at a recent meeting. He goes on to that line. Captain J. Lakefield is doing well with G. B. M. Hello! Bro. Buhler, the saved Monk, is travelling with Captain Mountenay. Go, save Histen and learn!

Two new Agents in the West Ontario Province, Mr. Blocker of Leamington, and Sister Suppleime, of Verona are their names. The latter place has just been bombarded by Ensign Scobell. Hurry up, Leamington and Dresden! You are a little slack!

Local Agent Geo. Porter, of Sudbury writes: "I do this work with a willing heart. I have got 11 more boxes out and pray that God may help me in my work."

Sister Maggie Olsen, of Prince Albert, N. W. T., has done good work as an Agent. Now she has laid aside sick. May God sustain her!

Local Agent Geo. Porter, of Sudbury, enhurst, carries a box with her wherever she goes with the word "Public" marked upon it.



CASSELTON, N.D., OFFICERS.

Lieutenant Sammy Clover, Cadet Eddie Kemmer, Captain Charley Hockin.

often with her box-holders. She says, "I am going to go to the market every Saturday with a box, and get people to put something in. I have now 80 boxes out."

Local Agent Alice Birch, of Cobourg, has written a delightful letter of cheer. One quotation runs: "Prayer, faith, and one work is going to bring the victory in the future."

Poor Sister Cornell, of Beaverton, Monroe, has got to give up her agency. She is very sick. Pray for her.

Still more new Agents, and we welcome them. Here are their names: Bro. C. Wigeman, Barrie, and Sister Minnie Guthrie, St. John, N. B. Summerfield has got \$4,125 in its agent box, opened at the Bank of the City \$14.76. They must say "Excelsior!"

A few facts about the W. O. P. Ingersoil has just got \$5 at their quarterly opening, St. Thomas, \$4.26; Ryerson, \$3.40; Ayr, \$2.60; Tillsonburg, \$1.75; Kitchener, \$10; Galt, \$1.25; Waterloo, \$2.50. The following new Agents have been appointed and commissioned: Mrs. Goodchild, St. Thomas; Etta Royal, Dutton; Mrs. Ross, Duart; Miss Gage, ex-Captain Wells, Mrs. Watt, Mrs. Forbush of Elizabethtown, Prince Edward Galt.

Local Agent Joseph Barr writes very encouragingly. He says that the two Agents at Great Falls have increased their Box-holders from 20 to 55. Kallison's recent collection amounted to \$1.75, and Namadmo \$1.50. The Envoy, a local paper, is doing a stirring circular letter to each of his Agents, and the following paragraph therefrom will show the spirit of the letter:— "Thank God we are getting out of the ditch: we have been in too long." Bro. J. W. McPhee, Local Agent for Spring Hill, writes a cheering letter, saying that he has placed seven more boxes since the visit of the P. A. to his brother's heart is in the scheme. We thank God for all this blessed news, and reader, look for more in the next issue.



The proposed expedition next year against Khartoum will, it is said, number 25,000 men, of which 18,000 will be Egyptian troops and 7,000 British troops, including batteries of the Royal Horse Artillery and probably a Highland regiment, and an Indian brigade with Cavalry amounting to 20,000 men, with all to be available for an attack upon Omdurman, the former fierce fighting-ground of Khartoum. The dervishes there are expected to number at least 60,000 fighting men, and the forts are defended by 70 Krupp guns.

### ENSIGN MCKENZIE,

G.B.M. Provincial Agent, North-West.

We glean from Ensign McKenzie's recent reports that Moosejaw raised \$4,11, going over last quarter and Swift Current \$3,30 during the same. Huron, Birchfield, Midland and Smyth, the P. A. contributed a good Lantern Service at Melleine Hat.

Ethel Ferguson, of Pleton, is a Bomber. She has all her boxes out and is getting 12 chained boxes. She prays



The Commissioner's Sunday at the Temple was a magnificent triumph. The Altar Meeting was a decided success.

Changes are taking place. This time two of the horses from the Farm come to the Toronto Woodyard for the winter.

Jimmy, one of the Farm boys, has been accepted for the work and goes to Lippincott Training Garrison.

Captain and Mrs. Lahey, of Gravenhurst, are both broken down in health. They have our sympathy and prayers. May they soon recover!

The new Junior Soldiers' Sergeant-Major's report book will be ready in a few days. Every Corps should be supplied with one.

Adjutant Hay, the Junior Soldier man, has just completed a successful tour in Central Ontario and reports that all around interest is being awakened in our children's operations.

The Headquarters' Staff Band are doing fine. The boys are in good form, and they have rendered good service during Self-Denial week.

The new Citadel at Barrie is rapidly nearing completion, and will be opened during the present month. It will be a nice building when finished. The Chief Secretary, accompanied by the Headquarters' Staff Band, will conduct the opening meetings.

## Idol-Worship.

"Do people worship idols to-day?" you ask. My reply is "Certainly!" Look around you and behold the sacrifices they make to the gods of Lust, Drunkenness, Pride, Pleasure, Greed, Gain, etc., men and women giving their all to the gods that for a time satisfy the evil nature within them, and selling the birthright which Christ bought for them by his Blood for the mess of pottage,—the gift of Satan,—until he, who was "a liar from the beginning, brings them face to face with the fact that he has deceived them.

And do not people commit idolatry in this age against greater light than did the Athenians in Paul's time? Do not they laugh and mock when the Living Christ is preached, even when the evidences of His saving grace are discernible on every hand?

Come with me down the streets of any of our modern cities at night, and what do we behold? Around that body of Salvation Army Soldiers or Mission workers, etc., men, women and children, of every station in life, are gathered, a few truly earnest longing for the Christ who "saves His people from their sins," but the great majority laughing, jeering, mocking, holding up their sins, saluting the Devil, dreaming that the Spirit of the Saviour being held up before them "will not always strive" with them, but will, through their repeated rejection of Him, cease to plead their cause before a True, Just and Pardoning God, leaving them to the terrors of outer darkness where all is "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

Alas! How many faces of these listeners have stamped upon them the wages of Satan!—the careworn features, that look, distrustful expressions, all marks of blighted lives and misplaced trust.

The message of pardon and peace, the Gospel of free and full salvation from all sin and iniquity, is still through the mercy of God, being held out to them; the Christ who satisfies the almost cravings of the soul is still willing to come and take up His abode with them, if they will but cease following their idols and take up their cross and follow Him.

Will they accept? God alone knows! Reader, HAVE YOU accepted this Christ? Have YOU mortified, through Him, the lusts of the flesh? Have YOU found, by experience, that He is the only true God, beside Whom there is none other?

If you have, how thankful you should be, and when you see the idolatres so rife around you, how much should it stir you to show forth the fruits of a Godly life to those who have not tasted of the good things of Jesus.—C. T. C.



"Oh, what a difference in the morning!"

Champagne at night brings real pain in the morning. It does not do to drink heavy all night and then try and undo the mischief with soda water, and physics next morning. Our advice to the boozers and all others is to abstain from this dissipation, not by the force of a human resolution merely, but by the power of the grace of God.

## Promoted to Heaven.

### SISTER MRS. HAWSBURY, Vancouver.

Our sister was called away quite suddenly just three days after our arrival here; therefore we did not know her personally. However, the Soldiers who knew her for some years testify to the Godliness of her life, and are quite sure of meeting her in Heaven. Her funeral made a great impression on the city. Very touching indeed was the tiny voice of her three years' old son at the grave-side. "Ashes to ashes," read the Adjutant. "Poor Mamma," cried the baby. "Dust to dust," continued the Adjutant. "Poor Mamma!" he cried again. However, we are sure that God will be enough for our brother with his small family. At the Memorial Service on Sunday a good crowd gathered, and we believe that when we were there, the ones who were present, "Aiternally" God has saved some who, we believe, will take her vacant place in His van—Mrs. Adjutant Phillips.



Field of Lilies in the Island of Bermuda.—One of the Army's latest openings.

## BERMUDA VS. SATAN'S LEGIONS.

On Wednesday, the 4th of November, a grand meeting was held in the hall at Hamilton, under charge of the brothers, —Brother Edwards commanding, with Brother T. Harvey, the Hallelujah engineer, and Brother L. Lewis, the hall was packed and an especially good meeting was held, with good testimonies, good singing, and collection.

Sunday, 7th. A grand rally of troops at the 7 a.m. parade. We were served out new supply of ammunition by the Almighty. Quartets and organs used in the meeting, night, and after the fighting, two sinners plunged into the Fountain for cleansing, and a poor backslidden returned to the Father. Hallelujah!

Monday, 8th. The Royal Troops, commanded by Adjutant Desprez, with her aides, Captains Johnson and Smith, and Lieutenant Forsyth, supported by the baby Band, attacked the forts of Darkness at Warwick, making havoc in their entrenchments, and capturing a prisoner. Glory to God!

Good meetings all the week. More souls, more cash, more trials, and more help from Him to carry out the work.

On Saturday, 14th, Brother Erickson, a Swedish Soldier, gave us a solo, which was highly pleasing. "Der Jesu I Love You."

Sunday, 15th. At laybreak the reveille sounded for all the troops. Many came to knee-drill, got the five into them, and commenced the skirmish. At the Holiness Meeting one poor, hardened sinner, who understood the risk of any attack, surrendered to the King, and laid down his arms of rebellion.—A. Goodman, Regular Correspondent.

## "Sin-Chains Riven."

Our forthcoming Rescue Booklet will soon be in the hands of the public.

It will be an intensely interesting report of the year's work of the Woman's Social Department, and just the very thing for arousing interest, winning sympathy, and giving a comprehensive view of this side of the Army's work.

A beautiful portrait of the Field Commissioner will be an attractive feature of this publication. Also the Introduction from the Pres.

There will also be stirring testimonials from leading Police Officials and others to the good accomplished by this branch of the work.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth has an important article, "Qualifications of a Rescue Officer."

Mrs. Major Read contributes two new stories, an article descriptive of League of Mercy and "Preventive Work," and A. L. P. writes an article on the children's work.

There will be a variety of other articles and sketches for the proper appreciation of which all must purchase and peruse an early copy.

### QUEBEC.

Booming War Crys amongst the Battery soldiers; well like "hot cakes." The only trouble is there are not many soldiers stationed here, but thank God we can purify their literature a little. Lieutenant Dora is a good Cry Booter. Fred R. Glass, Captain.

### ORILLIA.

WALTER DALTON HORACIO HAD-DEN WILLIAMS.

Good day yesterday. Afternoon the General's conversation between ex-Sergeant Demas and stranger took well. Your humble servant took the ex-Sergeant's part, while Captain Lewis took that of the stranger. It made a good meeting, interspersed by suitable choruses. At night we dedicated Walter, Dalton, Horacio, Hadden, Williams to the Lord, and wound up with music and dancing over two prodigals returning home. Hallelujah! —J. Jones, Ensign.

### DEAF MUTE SALVATIONIST.

NEWCASTLE. — Principle events this week are: One sanctified, presence of our comrade, the deaf-mute Salvationist, miners' meeting, and half-night of prayer.—Carrie Reeves.

### SCILLY COVE.

Arrived at Scilly Cove after a short stormy trip; found the Soldiers in real fish shape, which with us had been Sunday Captains Hiscock and Payne, also Lieutenant Boston. One soul in the Fountain at night.—Lieut. Newell.

### HALIFAX RESCUE HOME.

THREE SOULS SEEKING SALVATION AT A MEETING LED BY THE COMMISSIONER IN THE HOME.

Although our Commissioner was very tired after her long journey from Newfoundland, we had the pleasure of having her for a meeting with our girls on Sunday evening, and as we listened to the earnest, loving talk, so full of real, deep interest, we felt it was indeed a privilege to have her with us. At the close of the meeting, three came forward and asked God for pardon.

Jessie McDonald.

### DRAYTON.

Monday night we had a visit from our District Officer, Adjutant Taylor, accompanied by Captain Coy. Two Local Officers commissioned. Good the report of Adjutant Sharp with us Sunday night. Sinners see their need of a Saviour, but will not give in. Believe to see a break soon, praying that God will give convicted ones no nece until they fall at His feet.—C. S. Proctor, Reg. Cor.

### BEN BRYAN SWALLOWED.

BROCKVILLE—Grand welcome to Captain Bryan. People swallowed him Captain. Major Sharp, our Provincial Officer, has visited us, which was a great blessing to us. On Sunday, 15th, one soul out for Salvation, who has returned to give God glory since. Kendall and Bryan.

### PORT HOPE.

Friday, half night of prayer, glorious time: three souls out for cleansing. Sunday, grand day, two souls in the Fountain. Praise God! —Annie Brown, Reg. Cor.

### OWEN SOUND.

The Lord is blessing us in Owen Sound. During the past week we have had the joy of seeing four souls leave the path of sin and start for the better land.—Lieut. Alice Charlton.

### A DRUNKARD SAVED.

CAMPBELLFORD. — A confirmed drunkard saved and standing solid.

## HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

A Testimony from Adj't. Magee, of Quebec.

Without faith, it is impossible to please Him.

For five long years I tried to grasp Salvation in my own way—by reading, praying, singing, attending meetings, going to the penitent-form, pleading, groaning, etc., but at last one afternoon in a little meeting where six or eight people had gathered to pray, I got liberty.

The leader of the meeting, a young man who was once a pugilist and a drunkard, sat down directly in front of me and said, "Tell us what is the matter with you, why don't you get saved?" I answered him, "I thought I was not as repentant as I should be. 'Are you sorry enough for sin to be willing to give it up?' he questioned. "Yes, I am."

"Do you believe God is able to save you now?"

"Do you believe He is willing to save you just now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you believe He does save you now?"

The light of God's Spirit flashed upon me and I was saved. The straight-forward courage of the Soldier of Jesus held me to the point; my heart went up to God; I ventured out and answered, "Yes, Sir, I believe He does." "Give your testimony," said somebody.

"My feelings are not changed, but I am out on the promise," I said.

This was my first step by faith. It did me more good than five years of good resolutions. I was a new creature; old things had passed away. The leader got out of his carriage and walked a mile with me and talked of the simplicity of faith in God. How often since then, in hours of temptation, when every human effort seemed to fail, when the waves of sorrow, of loneliness, of disappointment and darkness, threatened to overwhelm my soul, that simple faith in God has carried me through.

To those who may be down-hearted, discouraged, misunderstood, misrepresented, tempted and tried, I would say, "Have faith in God."

Two backsliders Sunday night: thirteen on march; everything rising, War Crys sold out. Everything and everybody all ablaze for Self-Denial. In Jehovah we fight.—Prudmore.

### WAPETON, N.D.

We are still fighting, determined to win. Have had several souls in the Fountain, and give God the glory.—Sister Grieve.

### ST. JOHN V, N.B.

In spite of all the powers of the enemy we are having victory here. Yesterday's meeting was good—afternoon and night. Captain George, assisted by Ensigns Adams and Payne. Three souls captured. Hallelujah!

Lieutenant Miller.

### HALIFAX I.

Since last report souls have been saved. On Thursday night four received. On Thursday night four recruits were enrolled as Soldiers. Our new Captain (McIntyre) is a whole team at War Cry selling. May the Lord bless him, and I have no doubt you bless him too, as far as possible. (Aye, aye, man. He's an Angel!) —Save, my the Lord us good and in good fighting trim. Amen! —Secretary Casbin.

An African explorer, bent on making time record in crossing the continent, has found evidence of the existence of the official and unofficial outrages in the dark continent could be disclosed if the people would forget the Armenian horrors.—Toronto "Globe."



### OWEN SOUND JUNIORS.

Dannie McPhee.

Nellie Perkins.

Edith Speers.

Maggie Speers.



Captain McIntyre, Halifax I. .... 225  
 Capt. Zebulon, Putte (average) .... 157  
 Laura Barker, London ..... 149  
 Capt. McIntyre, Halifax I. .... 137  
 Mrs. Schaffer, Peterborough ..... 139  
 Sergt. Crocker, Stratford ..... 127  
 Mrs. Osborne, Brockville (average) .... 121  
 Lieut. Dickens, Brockville (average) .... 121  
 Capt. Moulton, London ..... 119  
 Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III. .... 119  
 Capt. Hindy, Springfield ..... 108  
 Lieut. Goss, Peterborough ..... 92  
 Cadet Krell, Spokane (average) .... 83  
 Sergt. Crocker, Stratford ..... 83  
 Mrs. Adjt. McMillan, New Glasgow ..... 78  
 Capt. Day, St. Stephen ..... 78  
 Ensign Ogilvie, St. Albans, Vt. .... 65  
 Lieut. Parker, St. Albans, Vt. .... 65  
 Capt. Elmer, Stratford ..... 65  
 Lieut. Dora, Quebec ..... 61  
 Capt. Knight, Campbellton ..... 60  
 Mrs. Wiseman, Peterborough ..... 60  
 Annie Thompson, Saratoga ..... 60  
 Ensign Wade, Miles City ..... 52  
 Lieut. Pecking, Peterborough ..... 51  
 Capt. Wilson, Hamilton II. .... 51  
 Cadet Thoen, Spokane (average) .... 51  
 Mrs. Strong, London ..... 50  
 Lieut. Young, St. John III. .... 18  
 Mrs. Adjt. Hunter, Stratford ..... 46  
 Lieut. Wade, Miles City ..... 46  
 Capt. Pridmore, Campbellford ..... 45  
 Mrs. Gregory, St. Stephen, N. B. .... 45  
 (average) ..... 45  
 Mrs. Adjt. Creighton, Halifax I. .... 44  
 Cadet Powell, St. John's I. .... 41  
 Mrs. Ensign Creighton, Halifax I. .... 41  
 Capt. McMillan, Glasgow ..... 40  
 Mrs. Smith, Peterborough ..... 40  
 Mrs. Culver, Spokane (average) .... 39  
 Sister Osmond, London ..... 36  
 Jennie Bross, Deseronto (average) .... 36  
 Cadet Richards, Cannington ..... 35  
 Farina McMillin, Halifax I. .... 35  
 Capt. King, Campbellton ..... 35  
 Ensign Jones, Orillia (average) .... 35  
 Capt. Lewis, Orillia ..... 35  
 Nora Fisher, Butte ..... 35  
 Capt. Moore, Cannington ..... 35  
 Lieut. Currie, Campbellford ..... 35  
 Mrs. Capt. Stainforth, Orangeville ..... 35  
 Capt. St. John, Stratford ..... 35  
 Lieut. McFarland, Caledon (average) ..... 35  
 Capt. Stalker, Caledon (average) ..... 35  
 Mrs. Armstrong, St. Stephen (average) ..... 35  
 Mrs. H. C. McMillin, Stratford ..... 32  
 Harry Lindsay, Stratford ..... 32  
 Treasurer Jackson, Stratford ..... 32  
 Sergt. Nugent, St. John III. .... 32  
 Bainsdale Lynch, Halifax I. .... 32  
 J. S. K. M. Sinclair, New Glasgow ..... 32  
 Bainsdale Lynch, Halifax I. .... 32  
 J. B. Smith, Riverside ..... 32  
 Mrs. Staff-Capt. Southall, Spokane (average) ..... 32  
 Sergt. Collins, Halifax I. .... 25  
 Sergt. Curnew, New Glasgow ..... 25  
 Sergt. Crane, New Glasgow ..... 25  
 Sergt. Collins, Halifax I. .... 25  
 Lieut. Young, St. John III. .... 25  
 Capt. Curry, St. John III. .... 25  
 Sister Buttis, London ..... 25  
 Minnie Woods, Peterborough ..... 25  
 Jennie Bowron, Peterborough ..... 25  
 Capt. Barker, Stratford ..... 25  
 Farina McMillin, Stratford II. .... 25  
 Capt. Sloane, Sarnia ..... 25  
 Capt. Bross, Quebec ..... 25  
 Mrs. Adjt. Wiseman, Peterborough ..... 24  
 Cadet White, St. John's I. .... 24  
 Mrs. Abby, Spokane (average) ..... 24  
 Mrs. Hockworth, Spokane (average) ..... 24  
 Mrs. Hunter, Stratford ..... 24  
 Mrs. Dyker, Orillia ..... 24  
 Fred Palmer, London ..... 24  
 Little Berry, Anapolis ..... 24  
 Mrs. Sonley, London ..... 24  
 Maria Stowbridge, St. John's I. .... 24  
 Mrs. McMillan, Peterborough ..... 24  
 Sergt. Law, New Glasgow ..... 24  
 Sergt. Earle, New Glasgow ..... 24  
 E. Southall, Spokane (average) ..... 24  
 Sister Fulford, Brighton ..... 24  
 Tom McCull, Stellarton ..... 24  
 Sister McCallum, Kinnon ..... 24  
 Mrs. Lawrence, Sarnia ..... 24  
 Mrs. Major Friedrich, Spokane ..... 24  
 Sergt. Norfolk, London ..... 18  
 Mrs. Groshow, London ..... 18  
 Rob. Goodman, Kinnon (average) ..... 17  
 Will. H. Thompson, Stratford ..... 17  
 Cadet Way, St. John's I. .... 17  
 Martha Carr, Stratford ..... 17  
 Rob. Kellogg, Stellarton ..... 17  
 Mrs. Lloyd, Peterborough ..... 17  
 Sergt. Lee, Halifax I. .... 17  
 A. G. Cann, Stratford ..... 17  
 Capt. White, Kinnon, (average) ..... 17  
 Sergt. Lee, Halifax I. .... 17  
 Annie Black, Peterborough ..... 17  
 Samuel Welsh, St. John's I. .... 17  
 Cadet Young, St. John's I. .... 17  
 Mrs. Abbsary, St. John's I. .... 17  
 Little Murray, Halifax I. (average) ..... 17  
 Beatrice Frederick, Campbellford (average) ..... 17  
 Fin. Massey, Butte ..... 17



INGLIS FALLS, near Owen Sound, a favorite resort for S.A. picnics.

Maud Rundle, Butte	11	girls think it's better for a girl to go into hotels with the Cry. "Very often we have no girls in our audience, but we would get in," so Saturday after Saturday, and frequently I am asked to sing a solo, read a column and pray, I do it all for Jesus, and I never fail to sell my Cry.
Mrs. Beckworth, St. John III.	10	
Mrs. Lamb, Stratford	10	
Ensign Ogilvie, Glasgow	10	
Addie Bowron, Peterborough	10	
Sergt. Arnold, Halifax I.	10	
Mrs. Lamb, Stratford	10	
Mrs. Jarvis, London	10	
Sergt. Andrew, Hamilton	10	
Mrs. Speddy, Peterborough	5	
Father Murray, St. John III.	5	
Pearl Stanley, St. John III.	5	
Sergt. Bowins, Kinnon, (average)	5	
Mrs. Law, Peterboro	5	
Nellie Smith, Peterborough	4	

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

## Bermuda Prize Beometers.

## Grade I.

Capt. Johnston	163	
F. H. Bell	160	
Aithen Smith	122	
Harriet Flood	50	
Almena Smith	29	

## WAR CRY SELLING.

A Boomer Got a Log of Mutton—The Experience of A. Kelly.

Heavy cross seemingly stood before me for many days. I always thought it impossible for me to successfully sell the War Cry. It was because I did not go out in the right manner. Often I have gone past many places, where they now buy the Cry weekly. Thinking it was useless to go down to it, I only did it once. I have since shown that I only did it necessary to go to those whom I knew would buy. At that time the cross was to me seemingly greater than His grace. I could never be blessed in only just performing a duty. I used to love the War Cry. The War Cry, come from my personal interest, but dreaded the selling of them.

While I was a Soldier in Belleville, occasionally I would go out with the Officers, taking as few papers as possible, and go to where I was not known. Orders came from Provincial Headquarters to proceed to Peteron and assist Captain Bird. I felt I had to do it then, but as time rolled on, I saw I was not making any progress. I could not bear my load of guilt, when all had received the War earth still and was forced with its first white mantle for the season of 1884. I renewed my consecration and vowed to do the will of my God. I retired, slept well and early. God, I slept well before the Lord with my eyes closed. The reality of knowing their sins forgiven, while the devil has them rock to sleep, we believing God can awaken them up.—Ensign M. A. Wade and Lieutenant C. Hagen.

Some of our men Officers and Cadets, while in camp, were very hungry. Beatrice Frederick, Campbellford (average) ..... 17  
 Fin. Massey, Butte ..... 17

## UP-TO-DATE NOTES.

Dr. Yeoman's Kindness — A Manitoba Lady Donates \$200 to the Winnipeg Rescue Home—The Winnipeg City Council Grants \$250 Yearly.

By THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL SECRETARY.

An old friend of the Winnipeg Rescue Home has been visiting Toronto. Dr. Toomey has been greatly given professional service to the Home gratis. The Dr. was the delegate from Manitoba to the W. C. T. U. Convention, and kindly devoted an afternoon of her valuable time to visiting our Toronto Social Institutions, in company with the Women's Social Secretary. Dr. Yeoman's was particularly interested in the little ones in the Children's Shelter.

A lady in Manitoba has just donated two hundred dollars towards the support of our Winnipeg Home. The Army is deeply grateful for her kindness.

"I am especially interested in your work"—Resigned said to a leading gentleman who visited us other day on behalf of Self-Denial, "but I have no information in the hands of the Army officials as to what purpose you devote my contribution."

His generous gift of a hundred dollars was especially welcome, given with this expression of confidence in the management of our organization.

Winnipeg City Council has again come to the front with a grant of \$250 for our Rescue work in the Prairie City.

An unknown friend sends a welcome gift: "A friend who died, left his name mentioned desires to contribute the sum of ten dollars, which I enclose." So reads the note. God bless this unknown sympathizer. The charity rolls on.

## NOTICE

To D.O.'s, F.O.'s and Regular Correspondents of the War Cry respecting the Self-Denial Campaign.

## Sam = Sartor's = Sartorius

Lieutenant Annie Hutt. Not accepted.

W. S. Lindsay: Article too disconnected.

"Icarus." Good, but not sufficiently like the War Cry. Try to present it in another way. Try a story from life, embodying the truths you wish to enforce, say on the model of the "Prodigal Son."

R. H. Craig: Prefer something dealing with God's doings up to date. We have a superabundance of religious matter of a similar theoretical character from many persons, but none of our readers seem to appreciate it.

"Jack the Ripper." Why don't you read over what you have written? A publication should not have the impudence to send out on the world an article without reading and correcting it after the first writing; but you can scarcely have done this by the number of errors you left in the copy sent us.

W. A. S.: Little Margie is A. L. Go on like this. It will appear before the year is out.

Unless there is something of a very extraordinary nature to report, Regular Correspondents are advised to send only five words, written clearly on a post-card, until advised to the contrary by the Editor-in-Chief. Name and address of writer should be on report as well as the writer's nom de plume.

A new game called the "Editor's Delight" is played in this way. Take an ordinary playing card, write on it carefully and enclose a bank note sufficiently large to pay up all arrearages and one year in advance: keep an eye on the editor and if a smile adorns his face the trick works like a charm. Now is a good time to play the joke.—Exchange.

## MILES CITY.

We are still on the war-path. Meetings this past week have been better; numbers interesting; attention very good. We are praying that God will not only help them to stated ends, to come to the rescue of the reality of knowing their sins forgiven, while the devil has them rock to sleep, we believing God can awaken them up.—Ensign M. A. Wade and Lieutenant C. Hagen.

## WE STILL HAVE

## A Small Supply of Ladies'

winter Underwear, which we now offer at a very low figure, as below:

"Lady" Underwear at 35c, 40c, 60c and 85c each.

Ladies' Undervests, Health Brand, 50c and 75c each.

Ladies' Drawers, 50c, 60c, 70c and 85c each.

These are good value at the above prices.

Ladies' Ulsters, from our Serges, with long canes, at the following prices:

F. F.	26.00
P. R.	20.00
P. C.	21.00
K.	19.00
D.	17.50
M. X.	17.00
B.	16.50
C.	16.00
L. S.	14.50
Y. W.	14.00

We shall be pleased to send you samples of cloth free on application.

## J. S. GARDENS.

No. I.	25c per packet
No. II.	20c per 100
No. III.	35c per 100
No. IV.	70c per 100

A Trade Depot has been opened at Kingston, and all Officers and Soldiers of the East Ontario Regiment will send all orders to Major Sharp, Kingston.

## NOTE.

All orders on our Tailoring Department are shipped charged collect.

All orders under \$5.00 must be accompanied by postage, etc. or will be shipped charged collect.

# SWEET SONGS FOR SAINTS AND SINNERS.

## A Full Surrender.

Tunes.—Little Thought Samaria's Daughter ; or, Lord, I Make a Full Surrender. B. J. S. 1.

1 Lord, I make a full surrender,  
All I have I yield to Thee ;  
For Thy love, so great and tender,  
Asks the gift of me.

Lord, I bring my whole affection,  
Claim it, take it for Thine own ;  
Safely kept by Thy protection,  
Fixed on Thee alone.

Chorus.

Glory, glory, hallelujah ! I have given  
all my all to God,  
And I now have full salvation through  
the precious Blood !

Lord, my will I here present Thee,  
Gladly now I lay down mine ;  
Let every thing given me  
Blending with Thine.

Lord, my life I lay before Thee,  
Hear this hour the sacred vow ;

All Thine own I now restore Thee,  
Thine for ever now.

Blessed Spirit, Thou hast brought me  
Thus my will to Thee to give ;  
For the blood of Christ has bought me,  
And by faith I live.

Show Thyself, O God of power,  
My unchanging, loving Friend :

Keep me, till in death's glad hour,  
Faith in sight shall end.

—:—  
At the Cross.

Tune.—There is a Happy Land, Far,  
Far Away.

2 Down at Thy Cross, oh, Lord, a  
trembling soul,  
Trusting in Thy dear Word, Lord,  
make my whole :  
Here I give myself to Thee, now Thy  
Spirit giv' to me,  
That a saviour I might be of precious  
souls.

Chorus.

Can't Thou my poor treasure take,  
And m' heart Thy temple make ;  
Can my sin for Thy dear sake,  
Be washed away ?

There is cleansing now for me, Lord, I  
believe.  
And from sin I may be free, Lord, I  
believe ;  
Now my Lord, impart to me Thy free  
grace and liberty.  
And till death I'll follow Thee, Lord,  
all the way.

'Midst my toll and all my care, Lord  
I'll be Thine ;  
And Thy Cross, Lord, I will share since  
Thou art mine.  
In the world I will fight—I will battle  
with my might,  
Pointing sinners to the light, for Thy  
dear sake.

—:—  
A Free-and-Easy Ditty.

Tune.—Now I Am So Happy.

3 Salvation is delightful,  
It suits me to a T,  
It makes me always happy,  
Contented as can be.  
In trials and temptations,  
I've proved God's love the same,  
Delivering me from danger,  
Oh, glory to His name !

Chorus.

Now I am so happy.

I'm not afraid whatever  
The will of God to do,  
His grace will be sufficient,  
To carry me right through.  
And when this life is over,  
And I'm with Jesus, then  
I'll go to live with Jesus  
And hear His glad "Well Done."

MRS. W. J. Lloyd,  
Peterboro.

—:—  
Sinner, Come Away.

Tune.—Sweet Belle Mahone,  
Sinner, why wilt thou delay ?  
Thou for years hast gone astray ;  
With them, come home to-day ;

Come, oh, come away !  
Come, and God's Salvation seek,  
To thy soul He power will speak,  
He will not turn thee away.  
Come, oh, come away.

Chorus.

Come, oh, come away ! Come, oh come  
away !  
Sinner, why wilt thou delay ?  
Mercy's time will pass away ;  
May this not be thy last day.  
Come, oh, come away !

Sinner, why wilt thou delay ?  
Mercy's time will pass away ;  
May this not be thy last day.  
Come, oh, come away !



# Colonel Jacobs

(Chief Secretary)

ACCOMPANIED BY

## TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS STAFF BAND

WILL

### Conduct Opening Meetings New Barracks at Barrie

ON

SATURDAY and SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12th and 13th.

False excuses are in vain,  
Remember, Christ for thee was  
slain.

Then canst His salvation gain ;  
Come, oh, come away !

Sinner, why wilt thou delay ?  
Think of that great Judgment Day !

What will thou to Jesus say ?  
Come, oh, come awry !

Fears of hell thy soul will fill ;

For thou hast not done God's will ;

But for thee is mercy still,

Come, oh, come away !

H. K., Edmonton.

## WATCHES.

We have received many reliable tes-  
timonials from those who have obtained  
watches from us. Our watches are of-  
fered at a lower figure than by any  
other firm, I think.

Ladies' Waltham movement... \$ 9.00

Gents' Waltham Movement..... 8.00

Gents' Waltham Movement... 9.00

Gents' Elgin Movement..... 12.00

Gents' Superior Elgin Movement 16.00

## Coming Events.

### The Light Brigade Provincial Agents' Appointments.

#### PACIFIC PROVINCE.

ENSIGN JOS. BAKER (with Lan-  
tern) will visit Rossland, Dec. 14th,  
15th ; Trail, Dec. 16th ; Nelson, Dec.  
17th ; Kalispell, Dec. 18th, 19th, 20th ;  
Great Falls, Dec. 22nd, 23rd, 24th ;  
Helena, Dec. 25th, 26th ; East  
Helena, Dec. 25th ; Bozeman, Dec. 31st.

#### EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

CAPTAIN SIMS (with Lantern) will  
visit Quebec, Dec. 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th,  
13th, 14th ; Coaticook, Dec. 16th, 17th ;  
Sherbrooke, Dec. 18th, 19th, 20th ; Nor-  
port, VT., Dec. 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th ;  
St. Albans, Dec. 26th, 27th, 28th.

#### NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

ENSIGN MACKENZIE (with Lan-  
tern) will visit Wahpeton, Dec. 12th,  
13th, 14th ; Casselton, Dec. 15th, 16th ;  
Jamesport, Dec. 17th, 18th, 19th ; Mandan,  
Dec. 19th, 20th, 21st ; Bismarck, Dec.  
22nd, 23rd ; Valley City, Dec. 24th, 25th,  
26th ; Minot, Dec. 27th, 28th ; Devil's  
Lake, Dec. 29th, 30th, 31st ; Grand  
Forks, Jan. 1st ; Grafton, Jan. 2nd, 3d,  
4th, 5th.

#### WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ENSIGN SCOBELL (with Lantern)  
will visit Listowel, Dec. 11th, 12th ;  
Palmerston, Dec. 13th ; Drayton, Dec.  
15th ; Guelph, Dec. 16th.

#### EASTERN PROVINCE.

ENSIGN PERIN, (with Lantern)  
will visit North Sydney, Dec. 12th, 13th ;  
Sydney Mines, Dec. 14th ; Glace Bay,  
Dec. 15th ; South Sydney, Dec. 16th ;  
Stellarton, Dec. 17th ; Westville, Dec.  
18th ; Pictou, Dec. 19th, 20th ; Charlottetown,  
Dec. 21st, 22nd ; Windsor, Dec.  
23rd, 24th.

#### CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

CAPTAIN MOUNTENAY (with Lan-  
tern) will visit St. Catharines, Dec.  
12th, 13th ; Thorold, Dec. 14th ; Grims-  
by, Dec. 15th ; Hamilton, Dec. 16th ;  
St. Catharines, Dec. 17th ; Westville, Dec.  
18th ; Oakville, Dec. 17th ; Whitby, Dec. 19th ;  
Oshawa, Dec. 20th, 21st ; Grafton, Dec.  
22nd ; Bowmansville Dec. 23rd, 24th.

MRS. MAJOR READ, Secretary for  
Women, will visit New York, winter, 1897.  
Mr. Arthur, Jan. 6th ; Mr. William, Jan.  
7th ; Winnipeg, Jan. 9th to 14th ; Port-  
age la Prairie, Jan. 15th ; Grand  
Forks, Jan. 16th, 17th, 18th ; Devil's  
Lake, Jan. 19th ; Valley City, Jan. 29th,  
21st ; Wahpeton, Jan. 22nd ; James-  
town, Jan. 23rd, 24th ; Mismarck, Jan.  
25th.

## MISSING

### To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway  
relatives in any part of the globe; be-  
friend, or assist, if possible, winged  
girls, women of character, and persons  
in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER  
EVA BOOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto,  
Canada, and mark "Enquiry" on the en-  
velope. If possible, send 60 cents to defray  
a part of the expenses.

1827. MORGAN, MRS. JOHN. Last  
heard of two years ago. Was then living  
at Larchwood, Ontario, and was  
about to start for British Columbia.  
Black hair, brown eyes. Age about 45  
years. Her daughter is anxious to  
know of her whereabouts.

1828. BEE, MISS MARTHA. Left  
New Haven, Overbury Green, near  
Alester, Warwickshire, England, to go  
to California, about nine or ten years  
ago. Her sister, Emily James, would  
like to hear from her. Address, Central  
Post-Office, London, Ontario, Canada.  
Miss, English, please copy.

1829. CROSS, MRS. ALICE. Last  
heard of in 1884. Was then living in  
Southend, England. Her son, who left  
England in the spring of 1888, would  
like to know her whereabouts. Address,  
William Cross, Mandan, Manitoba. Eng-  
lish Cry, please copy.

1830. GIBSONS, ERNEST. Joined  
the Salvation Army in Winnipeg in '93.  
Any one knowing of his whereabouts  
will please write, Enquiry, Toronto.

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